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THE

WEDDING BELLS,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

LONDON:
GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET.

THE

WEDDING BELLS;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE REV. GODFREY EVERTH, M.A.

VICAR OF CHRISHALL, ESSEX.

—— "neque adhuc Varo videor nec dicere Cinnâ
Digna." VIRGIL. Ecl. ix. 35.

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1849.

PR
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TO

MRS. BENYON,

OF

CULFORD HALL,

IN THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK,

THE FOLLOWING POEMS

ARE

WITH THE SINCEREST ESTEEM AND REGARD

INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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THE WEDDING BELLS.

"Hi motus animorum, atque hac certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."
VIRG. GEORG. iv. 86.

I.

LISTEN! it is the chime of wedding bells,
That comes through th' intervening woods at ev'n
Scarce heard; and, with alternate falls and swells,
Vibrates and floats amid the azure Heav'n.
How musical! and what a tale it tells
Of nuptial promises received and giv'n;
Glad hearts, and glowing smiles, and dancing eyes,
Extatic hopes, and airy gaieties.

II.

Alas! the very bell that now spreads wide
A tale of joy and triumph, soon shall tell
A different story of the selfsame Bride.
The marriage-lay and death-strain in that bell;
The merry peal and dolorous toll abide.
There 's rapture now in every fall and swell;
There 's anguish, grief, and woe in every toll
That soon shall sound o'er the departing soul.

III.

How doth the fancy, the wild truant, play,
And, like th' Italian vision in the sky*,
Behold the pleasures of the wedding-day!—
Its festival, and joy, and harmony;
Its lively dance, and jests, and bright array;
Its gay attendance in the livery
Of love; relations, friends, and comrades pressing
Around with gratulation, gift, and blessing.

IV.

How doth she trace the nuptial train and bride
Returning from the church o'er scattered roses!
As, with a blushing face that turns aside
To look on friends, she bashfully composes
Her downcast eye, and checks her maiden pride.
Whilst he, as the sweet ceremony closes,
Steals from her lip the first consenting kiss,
That seals her only, and for ever, his.

V.

How happy she appear'd! for 'twas a place
And hour to make the brightest yet more bright.
The virgin modesty that rosed her face
Was kindling with the brilliance of delight:
Yet, with the prettiest struggle full of grace,
Repress'd the joy that was too infinite
To be conceal'd, but would escape, and fly
In sun-gleam glances from her tell-tale eye.

* The Fata Morgana.

VI.

The tremulous motion of her lips betray'd
The smile within, whilst they no smile might wear;
Yet, the half-check'd expression warmly play'd
Around their dimpling corners sweetly fair.
'Twas bashfulness delay'd, and scarce delay'd
The laughter lurking so divinely there;
Or, catching some congratulating face,
Shining bewitchingly in all its grace.

VII.

In every movement, every look there reign'd
A hesitating loveliness, that spoke
Of happiness deep-felt and scarce restrain'd,
That still, by turns, o'er every feature woke.
Now on her cheek the blushing joy remain'd;
Now lay upon her lip; now richly broke,
Like morning, from her upraised eye, that hid,
Too soon, the light with its too modest lid.

VIII.

Oh! could the rapture of that joyous hour
For ever last, and those bells ring for ever!
But e'en in bliss regret asserts her pow'r,
For there be dear ones yet from whom to sever.
Beetles as well as birds are in the bow'r.
Her eyelid yet hath with a tear to quiver.
And, ere the glad peal of that merry bell
Be o'er, intrudes that saddening word—farewell.

IX.

Farewell! The carriage hides the married pair.
More tears than smiles she hurries from her home,
And the glad Bridegroom's first and earliest care
Is his Bride's tears to brush off as they roam.
And so a twisted chain well link'd they bear
Of sweets and sorrows, as across the foam
They pass, to wander out the honey-moon—
That little month, which glides away too soon!

X.

The Alps are visited, or th' Apennine;
The great Saint Bernard, stopping scarce to view it;
And where the Carthaginian turn'd the wine
Of half the world to vinegar, and threw it
In torrents o'er the rocks, perchance they dine,
Admiring what a formidable cruet
Was Hannibal's, but not that he look'd sour
On Lombardy, seen from his Alpine tow'r.

XI.

Careless meanwhile though o'er the Cottian side*
Of th' Alps he pass'd, or over the Pennine,
They pause, in fancy, to behold the pride
Of the long march, as the laborious line

* There have been hot disputes amongst critics respecting the point at which Hannibal descended the Alps. Livy says it was on the Cottian—Polybius on the Pennine side. This has employed the pen of learned writers, and I know not whether the contention is decided yet.

Climbs the huge mountain-fastnesses, untry'd
Before of man; or argue, as they dine,
Upon his fate, descending from on high,
To gain five battles, and to lose an eye*.

XII.

The stern relentless enemy that swore,
E'en in his infancy, eternal hate,
And deadly enmity to all that bore
The Roman name, came now, led on by Fate,
To quench his hot indignant wrath in gore,
And shake the pillars of that haughty state,
That he would from their bases tear, although
Himself were crush'd amid the overthrow.

XIII.

Down like a tempest from the Alps he pour'd
His force upon the devastated plain.
Insatiate Slaughter, with her bosom gored,
Cheer'd on the van, and Slavery clank'd his chain.
Whilst watchfully the hungry vulture soar'd
Above, or stoop'd to gorge upon the slain.
And still, where'er his foot had pass'd or stood,
Or sandal press'd, their prints remain'd in blood.

* The battles of the Ticinus, Trebia, Thrasymene, the battle against M. Mercurius Rufus, near Geryon, and Cannæ.

XIV.

And surely Rome, the terrible and stern,
Had cause to quail before *his* angry eye,
Who slew her captains, made her consuls turn
To flight, and scatter'd her best chivalry.
Beholding, too, her strongholds yield or burn;
Her genius quell'd, and the Numidian nigh
Her very senate house and sacred fane:
And her own Jove his thunders grasp in vain.

XV.

E'en Rome herself perceiving all at stake,
Her sun in blood descending to its set;
The rout at Thrasymene's deadly lake;
And Cannæ's carnage more abundant yet—
E'en Rome, who would not bend and could not shake,
Might still a space her conquering pride forget,
And learn an humbling lesson.—But her fate
Was not to fall, for envy kept her great.

XVI.

Yes, 'twas the envious factions of Carthage,
As much as her own energy and pow'r,
That saved imperial Rome, and, ere that age
Had pass'd, brought on th' exterminating hour,
When Scipio's valour, and the Legion's rage,
O'erthrew the rival city, temple and tow'r
Levelling, and overwhelming in the fall,
Th' ignoble herd that crippled Hannibal.

XVII.

It was their niggard malice, and their hate,
That perill'd all things, so they might betray
The man they fear'd because he was so great;
That, after Thrasymene's slaughtering day,
Turn'd Hannibal from the triumphal gate,
E'en on the point to climb the sacred way,
And mount the Capitol, and proudly doom
His conquer'd slaves, and fix the fate of Rome.

XVIII.

But for that factious enmity, in spite
Of the Dictator's courage, or delay,
The towering eagle from her haughty flight
Had headlong fall'n. But of his full array
Defrauded, with the will and wish to fight,
Thwarted and check'd at home, chafing he lay
Inactive, when he could have moved so well.
Rome rallied and survived, and Carthage fell.

XIX.

So to Mont Blanc, that giant mountain high,
In whose bleak lap, 'mid storms and tempests fell,
Was nursed the hardy infant Liberty.
And, from her rocky cradle snatch'd by Tell,
Baptized at Kusnacht, and, with purpose high,
Confirm'd at Nancy, she long loved to dwell
In the Helvetian fastnesses, and roam
With the bold Switzer o'er his mountain home.

XX.

And thus from scene to scene following their guide,
Tracing the steps of Coxe, or Addison,
And twenty thousand travellers beside,
They wander till the nuptial tour be done,
But linger at Lausanne, where Gibbon vied
With Tacitus and Livy, and outrun
Their glories on the glorious Leman lake,
Then through belle France their homeward journey take.

XXI.

Thrice happy Gibbon, having at thy call,
Familiarly, the sages of old days,
Catching the wealth their gracious lips let fall,
Like the sweet juice that in the summer rays
From the ripe grape exudes; and still from all
Winning th' aroma of their learned lays,
And kneading it to honey rich and rare—
Oh! had no lingering Iron intruded there!

XXII.

Thrice happy in thy little paradise,
That o'er the beauties of the Leman lake
Open'd a brilliant prospect to thine eyes!
How many a heart hath ached, and still shall ache,
T' obtain what Fortune to so few supplies,
And yet supplied to thee, the pow'r to take
Thy course as Fancy her fair colours spread,
And follow where thy native genius led.

XXIII.

No livelihood to earn, no chain to wear,
No daily toil of body or of brain,
Whose necessary, dull, recurring care,
Still from the loved pursuit, the loved in vain,
Drags the unwilling mind to bend, and bear
The hated taskwork, the accustom'd bane
Of life, whose slow sad friction, day by day,
The spirit breaks, and eats the heart away.

XXIV.

No fears lest one short hour of flowers and fruit,
Stol'n from the torment of the blistering oar,
And giv'n to the one darling, dear pursuit,
That Nature's self had strengthen'd in thy core—
No matter what, the pencil, pen, or lute—
And long restraint had made thee love the more,
Should its own punishment too duly bear;
And the brief pleasure bring a length of care.

XXV.

And oh! how difficult it is, whene'er
The natural yearning swells, to tear aside
The thoughts from that fair theme, that seems to bear
The heart upon its wings; and though denied,
Rejected, silenced, still returns to share
The mind with a glad smile, which who could chide,
And not indulge? 'Tis so bewitching sweet,
The sourest Stoic could find no retreat.

XXVI.

Oh! it is sad to see a brilliant mind,
Bright with the flame of genius and of wit,
To uncongenial drudgery confined,
Blunted, and broken by pursuits unfit.
'Tis in the shafts o' the heavy wain to bind
The generous Arab that scarce owns the bit;
Wringing his noble limbs, and graceful heel,
Strain'd by the sore weight of the lumbering wheel.

XXVII.

But, when wealth is not thus profusely shed,
Happy! who hath his heart in his profession,
And loves the labour that supplies his bread,
His application bringing no depression;
Being with no sick hesitation wed;
Link'd to no slow and sluggish retrogression;
But cheerfully commenced, continued steadily,
Ended unwearied, or resumed as readily.

XXVIII.

His daily work to him is daily pleasure,
Keeping his body in its vigour still,
And his mind occupying in due measure.
All his pursuit hath, or of art or skill,
Exciting him in labour, as in leisure,
Sufficiently, and not beyond his will.
He 's like a ready lute, whose tuned strings be
Always prepared for song and harmony.

XXIX.

Thrice happy Gibbon, as the denizen
Of this vain world, having thy wish and way;
An ample competence, an eloquent pen,
Thy writings praised, thy conversation gay,
Or grave repeated, sought, admired by men.
But oh! unhappy though all these, all they
Were thine—were thy admirers—were thine own—
In the one want that nothing could atone.

XXX.

Oh! that that rich and splendid work of thine,
Where all the colours of the rainbow met
To shed their brilliance o'er the chaste design,
Purple, and green, and gold, and violet—
Where every figure with a touch so fine
Is finish'd, though an hundred there be set—
Oh! that it had from that one stain been free!
How happy were it for the world and thee!

XXXI.

Or else, perhaps, a longer tour they take,
And from the land of mountains capp'd with snow,
The pine-girt valley, and the stormy lake,
To the warm suns of Italy they go;
Where liberal Nature gaily seems to shake
Exuberant beauty upon all below,
And every town and village, flood and fell,
Hath its own wild and wizard tale to tell.

XXXII.

Perhaps they follow Fabius' march, and see
How wisely by his provident delay
He saved his country, and preserved her free.
Or through the Caudine Forks pursue their way,
Where the proud Samnite stood triumphantly,
Scorning his humbled enemies' dismay.
Or to the hill-lock'd vale of carnage dread,
Where the throng'd legions and their consul bled.

XXXIII.

Perhaps they visit Naples, the bright land
So oft defiled with violence and gore;
The prey and spoil of the usurping brand
The Norman, th' Angiovine, or Swabian bore;
The crafty Ferdinand with furtive hand,
Defrauding Louis of the wreath before
Snatch'd at by Charles, and won, and lost as soon,
His brief reign ending almost with the moon *.

XXXIV.

It is a lovely land, its glorious bay,
The queen of waters, glittering in the glow
O' the sun, that with exhilarating ray
Shines, as he did shine centuries ago,

* The Normans, the House of Anjou, and the German Emperors by turns overcame Naples, and wore the crown of the Two Sicilies. Charles VIII. of France conquered and lost Naples in the short space of a few months, and Ferdinand, the Catholic, of Spain, defrauded Louis XII. of France of that fine kingdom, and retained it.

On the same sensual, indolent, and gay,
And soon-excited people, who might know
Freedom as gracious as their skies or waves;
But still the lazy can be nought but slaves.

XXXV.

Or if chafed into action for a time,
Some Guise, or Masaniello at their head *,
They congregate in robbery and crime,
The noble spirit evaporates; instead,
Pleased with their story-teller's daily rhyme,
Their snow-chill'd water, vintage games, and bread,
Their tarentella, and their maccaroni,
The patriot sinks into the lazzaroni.

XXXVI.

Strange that in all the loveliest lands and best,
The fairest, fruitfulest, and most inviting,
The people always should be most unbless'd!
Ever, as if their native riches slighting,
The poorest, vilest, dirtiest, laziest,
Still self-degraded, and in filth delighting,
Half fed, half clothed, scarce shelter'd, not half taught;
Willingly ignorant, and good for nought.

* Masaniello's fortunes are notorious. The Duke of Guise, great-grandson of Francis of Guise, shot before Orleans by a Calvinistic gentleman in 1563, headed the Neapolitans, who revolted from Spain in 1647, but was seized and imprisoned in Spain.

XXXVII.

Yes, 'tis a lovely land! Howe'er may shine
The rest o' the world, it scarce can find its fellow.
And, then, what contrasts on its face combine!
The dark and light, the austere and the mellow.
Land of the red volcano and the vine;
The buried city and of Punchinello—
His birthplace, and his cradle, and his home,
And his deliciæ howsoe'er he roam.

XXXVIII.

Silent and solitary, dark and deep
Beneath the lava-flood that overspread
Her baths and palaces, and bound in sleep,
Pompeii lies, the city of the dead.
Where dreary Desolation loved to keep
Her reign unwitness'd, and unvisited;
Till, by a blow of th' axe at random made,
Her lost, her long-lost buildings were display'd.

XXXIX.

Down from Vesuvius rush'd the fiery tide
Sudden and hurried, with its burning wave
Whelming the peopled cities in their pride.
The noble, and the peasant, and the slave,
Each where he stood in the hot deluge died.
The house, street, theatre, one common grave.
No safety, no escape; so rapid came
O'er those devoted towns the flood of flame.

XL.

The reveller at his feast; in her bright room
Retired, the haughty and the high-born maid,
Surprised amid her luxury and perfume;
The warrior on his watch, grasping his blade;
Down in the cellar's deep and vaulted gloom
The slave; and, by the fire himself had made,
The cook; and, with an agonized hold,
The miser clutching his dear worshipp'd gold.

XLI.

'Twas darkness at mid-day—darker than night—
Save from the mountain when the fitful shower
Of flame shot round its glare, and ghastly light,
Worse than the blackness of that terrible hour;—
Then the hot glowing ashes, in their flight,
Fell thick as autumn-rain on house and bower;
And awful sounds ran underground, and broke
Bellowing, and thundering 'mid the fire and smoke.

XLII.

'Twas darkness at mid-day—darker than night—
A deep and dismal silence ruled the hour.
Then growl'd again the tempest in its might,
Bellow'd, and howl'd, and threaten'd to devour,
Till in the murky east no longer bright,
The dusky morning rose—but temple and tower
Were gone—the vanish'd city lay defaced;
And all around a bare and smoking waste.

XLIII.

Oh, Heav'n! it was a fearful sight to see
Such sudden desolation overspread
The scene of merriment and revelry;
Such horrid gloom, such sullen silence shed
On every haunt of jollity and glee.
All still, all joyless, all consumed, all dead.
No sound, no sight, not e'en a wreck to show
That a whole city lay entomb'd below.

XLIV.

'Twas but a moment, and the harp and lyre
Resounded, and the dancer's feet beat time,
And swell'd the voices of the joyous quire,
And loud applauding laughter cheer'd the mime.
The next, and the o'erwhelming stream of fire
Had silenced all, and in its burning slime
Buried the multitude, untuned the lute.
One stifled shriek—one groan—and all was mute.

XLV.

Death undistinguishingly gorged his prey,
And grasp'd the population in his might.
Meantime the wild eruption swept away
The proud and peopled city from the sight;
Covering its loftiest roofs, and from the day
Snatching its bowers and gardens of delight.
This moment all was life, and stir, and sound—
The next, the town was one wide burial-ground.

XLVI.

Silence, deep, frightful silence brooded o'er
The lonely scene. Yet, for a time, mankind
Would with a chilling shiver sick and sore,
And with a trembling voice and awe-struck mind,
Point out where the gay city stood before.
But fainter grew the knowledge where to find
The fatal spot, till none remain'd to tell
Nor where Pompeii stood, nor how it fell.

XLVII.

And still, as through the solitude you go,
The solemn signs of former life appear
Unmoved, as they stood centuries ago.
Though Time hath o'er them swept full many a year,
The very ruts o' the wheels remain to show
The busy traffic of the charioteer.
And still th' inscription o'er the shop displays
The manners or the mirth of ancient days.

XLVIII.

There every object on all sides is rife
With melancholy musings on the past;
The very stillness whispers yet of life,
And its warm throbbings check'd and overcast.
Its aspirations, hopes, and joys, and strife
In their strength stifled; and, with power to last
For ages, in their mid-flood forced aside,
Chain'd, and o'erthrown, and crush'd, and petrified.

XLIX.

Oh! what an awful homily we hear
From those mute stones, that falls upon the heart
Resistless, more than on th' admiring ear
The eloquentest preacher's voice and art.
Thoughtful and slow, emerging from that drear
And desolate scene of death, do we depart,
To lose the saddening, the autumnal yellow
Of our reflections with gay Punchinello.

L.

Policinella—Punch! Where lives the wight
Who hath not heard of that time-honour'd name,
The very infant lisps with pure delight?
What corner of the world doth not proclaim
His glory, whom the tongues of old unite
With the boy's laughing lips to praise? Whose fame
Hath lived, and shall live till the fatal day,
When all things, even Punch, must pass away!

LI.

Who hath not stay'd, nor thought the deed misdone,
Though bound on some most politic affair,
To listen to his drollery and fun,
Whilst "Laughter holding both his sides" stood there?
And still with each new accident, or pun,
Mirth shouted merrily, and even Care
Wreathed his sad mouth to an approving smile;
And the glad audience crow'd and roar'd meanwhile!

LII.

Punch, lauded everywhere in east or west!
Glorious and great wherever he appears!
But his own birthplace Naples he loves best.
There squeezes his most comical of tears;
There smiles his funniest smiles; his liveliest jest,
His heartiest laugh bestows, that he that hears,
Catching th' infection of that cachinnation,
Laughs till he weeps—laughs to intoxication.

LIII.

Applauded, sought wherever he hath been,
Not to know Punch argues ourselves unknown.
In fact the sun and moon have spots, and e'en
Shakspeare and Homer faults; but Punch alone
Is perfect, ever faultless and serene.
He cannot be improved, and spot hath none.
Punch, the supreme τὸ καλὸν of cajolery.
Punch, the true beau-idéal of all drollery.

LIV.

But hark! the cry is up—from street to street
Flies the report th' excited city o'er,
The very infant's lisping lips repeat.
Instant from palace, hall, and hovel, pour
The madd'ning multitude with hurrying feet,
Until they meet, and mingle on the shore,
To marvel, and to gaze—for now the Fay
Morgana works her wonders o'er the bay.

LV.

Lo! where her fairy fingers in the sky
Have sketch'd with nicest skill, and colours bright,
The fairest pictures to attract the eye,
Dipping her pencil in the rainbow's light.
See where her gorgeous hues and imagery
Burst sudden on the captivated sight,
Till every rosy cloud, and all the air,
And th' azure heaven th' enchanting touch declare.

LVI.

Instant the visionary wonders rise.
Extensive plains nibbled by flocks of sheep;
And palaces with bowers and balconies;
And castled piles with tow'r and donjon-keep.
Contending armies march across the skies.
Columns and arches, and woods dark and deep
Are seen; and here the shepherd tunes his reed,
And there the horseman hastes with furious speed.

LVII.

Meantime the waters of the bay below
Repeat the glittering objects in the tide;
Where trees, and avenues, and gardens glow,
And barques at anchor lie, and vessels glide;
Or the glad harvest, or the vintage-show
Appears, and all in vivid colours dyed,
Splendidly beautiful—crimson or green.
And more than Nature radiant and serene.

LVIII.

The silent people hang upon the sight
Marvelling, with eyes and faces that display
Surprise, and admiration, and delight.
Till as th' aërial vision melts away,
And the gay pageant fades, and all the bright
And glittering objects in the skies and bay
Are lost, the buzzing murmurs, and the sound
Of scarce suppress'd applause, fly busiest round.

LIX.

Then suddenly loud exclamations swell
Of gratified desire, and deep amaze.
A miracle! they shout, a miracle!
And still upon the clouds and waters gaze,
Though scarce a shadow now remains to tell
Of the proud spectacle that no more plays
Upon them; but the calm wave rolls to shore,
And the blue Heav'ns are tranquil as before.

LX.

And now one farewell look, one parting gaze
Round that enchanting region ere they go;
And o'er that splendid landscape, that displays
All that the water or the land can show
Of grand or beautiful, deserving praise
And admiration, slumbering in the glow
Of that bright hour, when all in earth and Heav'n
Is brightest, and mid-day looks down towards ev'n.

LXI.

Round from Vesuvius, with its forked head
Wreathed with a crown of smoke and vapours gray,
Through which the fitful flashes, streaming, shed
A lurid light, as o'er the mount they play;
Or, shooting upward, angrily and red,
Throw their reflection o'er the ruddy bay,
E'en to Sorento's town—and all between
Magnificently rich, a glorious scene.

LXII.

Vineyards and oliveyards, and vale and hill,
And terraced paradises, halls and bowers;
The lofty monastery, dark and chill;
Saint Elmo's castled steep, and frowning tow'rs;
The shining cape, and gardens that distil
And spread their perfumes from a thousand flow'rs,
In all the rare variety of light
And shade—awfully dark, or dazzling bright!

LXIII.

E'en to the Mole, and that most lovely bay
That mirrors the gay city in her pride;
Whilst o'er its undulating waters play
Those radiant beams reflected from the tide,
Tinging its distant billows far away
With purple—but, as nearer shore they glide,
Brightening to sunny blue the waves unfold,
And break in silvery showers and liquid gold.

LXIV.

And yet one last and lingering look—one more,
With reverential eyes on Virgil's tomb,
With his own laurel bower'd and grotto'd o'er.
There let the Pæstan rose for ever bloom.
And many a pilgrim, visiting the shore,
Admiring come with incense and perfume,
To please the poet's shade, and to repeat
His magic numbers in his last retreat.

LXV.

A pilgrimage, oh, how much better made
To the great bard, the soft, and the sublime,
Than those to battle-fields too duly paid,
The blood-stain'd scenes of carnage and of crime.
Or questionable shrines, or bones decay'd
Of saints, who were sad sinners in their time.
A pilgrimage where splendid worth reposes,
To wreath the minstrel's grave with kindred roses.

LXVI.

So run the pair through many a storied place,
Where Florence still her Medici reveres;
Or sad Ravenna, France's sore disgrace
Betrays; or Milan sighs o'er bygone years;
Or yet Ferrara boasts her royal race;
Or Venice, lady of the sea, appears
Still seated on the waves, where once she sail'd,
Throned on her princely gallies, and prevail'd.

LXVII.

And though, in solemn mockery, still she weds
The Adriatic; like a barren bride,
Of her own lord forsaken, now she sheds
The bitter tears of deep offended pride.
Dogeless, degraded, she no longer spreads
Her conquering navy o'er the ocean tide,
But, cribb'd in her dark gondola, deplores
Her ruined commerce and deserted shores.

LXVIII.

The glory of Saint Mark's is fall'n—and so,
The happy pair that seek no mournful sights,
No darkling scenes of loneliness and woe
To neutralize their nuptial fresh delights,
Passing the Bridge of Sighs unsighing, go
Where Doria to his Genoa invites.
Its marble palaces that crown the foam
Visit, and hurry to imperial Rome.

LXIX.

Rome, by th' ambition of the many raised,
And by th' ambition of the few o'erthrown.
Those conquering that their country might be praised
And fear'd, the world's unquestion'd regent known.
These by the idol, whereupon they gazed,
Dazzled, for their mere interest alone.
To Rome the Consuls gave her golden crown:
Sylla and Cæsar help'd to pull her down.

LXX.

The former an austere and iron race,
Whose pride and passion solely was to see
Rome great, and powerful, and supreme of place;
From th' avarice of selfish cravings free,
Careless of wealth, nay—even of disgrace—
So that their eagles might soar gloriously,
The wide earth their dominion and their home—
Watch'd, toil'd, endured, and fought, and bled for Rome.

LXXI.

Brave but corrupt the latter—brave alone—
The patriotic spirit once so bright,
Waning and flickering, and at length unknown,
Not for their country, but themselves would fight.
Pluck'd from her brow her crown to wreath their own,
Nor cared what clouds should overshade or blight
The pride of Rome, so that themselves might reign,
And hold the world in their own proper chain.

LXXII.

Rome the renown'd, the great in right or wrong;
The place of ruins and of recollections;
Peopled with shadows of the past, that throng,
As mourning o'er the spot of their affections,
Their fall'n palaces—the scene of song,
Of tombs and trophies, and of sad reflections,
Where musing melancholy loves to dream
Of other days, by yellow Tyber's stream.

LXXIII.

There not the living multitude we trace,
But their forefathers of antiquity.
'Tis not the dwindled and degenerate race
That shame their brave and hardy sires we see;
But in the forum Marius' threatening face
Frowns stern, and Tully thunders proud and free.
Still Pompey in the Capitol the prize
Receives, and Cæsar in the senate dies.

LXXIV.

Still round the Palatine the pompous train
Of triumph, passing the triumphal gate,
Descends into the forum, and again
Mounts to the Capitol in solemn state,
To adore their thundering Jove, who forged the chain
That in the adamantine links of fate
Bound the wide world, fetter'd, and overcome,
To the proud chariot-wheels of conquering Rome.

LXXV.

'Tis on the Roman ruins that we gaze,
And to the mighty minds of men that made
Those ruins glorious, stamping their own praise
On arch and column, too secure to fade.
E'en now, along the broad and crowded ways
The consuls pass, the eagles are display'd,
And up the Pincian or Esquilian climb
Pompey or Cæsar, with their train sublime.

LXXVI.

But not on Rome alone, though more than all
The place of ruins, with a shadowy race
Of airy shapes, that rise at fancy's call—
All Italy in ruins lies: each place,
Town, village, hill, and wood, and waterfall
Breathes of the past, retains the marks and trace
Of earlier times, whose broad shade o'er her lies,
And half conceals the present from our eyes.

LXXVII.

But, as I think I did suggest before,
The happy pair, unwilling to bestow
On the gray relics of the days of yore
Their time, or trouble, delay'd not, to go
With a loquacious cicerone o'er
His antiquarian catalogue and show;
Or moralize on things where moralizing
In a new-married couple were surprising.

LXXVIII.

But who could in th' eternal city be,
Even for one short week, and not survey
Her relics of bygone antiquity?
To study them would wear a year away
Not idly spent, and yet leave much to see.
But a quick glance upon her proud decay
And shattered stateliness the hastiest eye
Could scarce refrain to cast while passing by.

LXXIX.

Yet some they saw. The massive buildings old,
Worthy of Roman hands, and rear'd to last
As long as the imperial name should hold
Its influence, and men revere the past,
Or look with admiration on the bold;
Or backward on that mighty people cast
A glance of awe and wonder, whilst beholding
Their long-predicted power and pride unfolding.

LXXX.

They saw the Colosseum, that, of yore,
Could in its huge circumference contain,
And from its hundred vomitories pour
A nation, as the shows were done, again,
When Suburb and Saburra floating o'er
Their scum, like the o'erflowings of a drain,
The rancid crowds, upon a holiday,
Throng'd there to see the gladiators play.

LXXXI.

There, as they gazed around with curious eye,
Fancy could all but hear the roar subdued,
Like the hoarse billows as the storm draws nigh,
That burst from the impatient multitude;
Or see imperial Cæsar, throned on high,
Nod his assent, and the thumbs turn'd for blood*;

* "—— et verso publice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt, populariter."—Juv. iii. 36.
When the people wished the victorious gladiator to put his opponent to

And the last sobs and agonies of death,
As the poor Retiarius gasp'd for breath.

LXXXII.

Cæsar, with all the thousands that survey'd,
And they that fought, and they that vanquish'd there,
That cast the bloody net, or grasp'd the blade,
Or spared the trembling wretch, or would not spare;
Races and generations that forbade,
Or granted mercy, and sat there to share
The savage sight, are pass'd like rolling waves,
And centuries have settled o'er their graves.

LXXXIII.

Still, though neglected, there the ivy climb,
Though they that rear'd and fill'd it are no more—
Spite of the chill and crumbling touch of Time;
Spite of the brazen throat of war that tore
Its pillar'd pride, and stateliness sublime,
Yet shed its stones a moonlight softness o'er;
The lofty pile remains severe and gray,
In the magnificence of its decay.

LXXXIV.

Still, as the eye accustom'd to control,
Th' authority of its commanding gaze
Retains, though age, or indigence hath stole,
Or dimm'd the fire of its serener days,

death, they made a sign to him to do so by clenching their hands, and holding or turning the thumb upwards.

But ne'er subdued what it reflects, the soul—
The Colosseum in its fall displays
Its wonted majesty, and claims, sublime,
The awe and admiration of all time.

LXXXV.

Then the Pantheon—a majestic sight!
In whose enchanted circle all that 's fair,
Graceful, and grand, and beautiful, and light,
Are gather'd. Long they lingered, mourning there
Time's devastations, that obscures the bright,
And crumbles into dust the rich and rare.
But more the barbarous mischief that defaced
Rome's proudest monuments, and laid her waste.

LXXXVI.

Time hath done much to level and confound
The glory of old Rome, but man still more.
Shattering whate'er antiquity hath crowned,
With parricidal violation sore.
What centuries had spared, upon the ground
Casting—what centuries cannot restore—
Dilapidating with a pilfering hand,
And niggard heart, the glories of the land.

LXXXVII.

How many monuments of human art,
In the dark ages of the past o'erthrown,
Have fall'n and perish'd with th' ambitious heart
That framed them, unrecorded and unknown!

How many monuments that still impart
Delight and admiration yet shall own
The wrecking hand of time, and perish too!
They thought—and left the old Rome for the new.

LXXXVIII.

They visited the Vatican, the place
Of the all-ruling potentate, who roll'd
Around his temporal crown the brighter grace
Of spiritual power; and, uncontroll'd
Himself, controll'd all, reigned o'er all his race—
Forging a chain of adamant, to hold
Body and soul; compelling by the spell,
And triple bond of heav'n, and earth, and hell.

LXXXIX.

The Vatican, where humble, small, and slight,
Yet slow, and silently though slight, and small—
Like a tall column that some warrior's might
Records, grows stone by stone, the pedestal,
And then the shaft, that daily gains in height,
Till on the summit shines the golden ball,
Or stands the finish'd statue – hour by hour,
To great, to over-growth, rose papal power.

XC.

Through its wide chambers and precincts they paced,
Where that supreme authority and power
Were plann'd, and nursed, and strengthen'd, till they placed
The Pope on high, and made all monarchs cower.

Deeming him first, and happiest, who was graced
With th' envied blessing, or the golden flower
The holy father gave—thrice lost on whom
His fulminating thunders roll'd from Rome*.

XCI.

Thus in those halls, with various pontiffs grew,
Like a broad oak that overtops the wood,
Th' absolute rule, that trampled down, and threw
The nations into shadow, and subdued
All lands, till kings, with awe and reverence due,
A trembling and a tributary brood,
Their stirrup held, adored, or, like a slave,
Stood shivering in the cold till they forgave.

XCII.

Old Rome could overthrow the proud, and fling
Her fetters round the chosen of mankind,
Dragging th' humiliated crownless king
Before her senate. She could bruise, and bind.
But for new Rome it was reserved to bring
The nations on their knees, t' enslave the mind,
And stamp the firm belief upon the soul,
That it was sin to question her control.

* The Golden Rose was a mark of the Pope's respect or approbation, usually sent to crowned heads, having been previously blessed. Such a rose was sent to Henry VIII., after the publication of his book on the Seven Sacraments, against Luther.

XCIII.

For her it was reserved by force, or art,
As either her stern purpose suited best,
Fettering the hands, or in the awe-struck heart
Insinuating as a god-sent guest;
By all that threats or blessings could impart,
To found, and root her throne within the breast—
Till those that loved the least, yet dreaded more,
And riveted the gyves that wrung them sore.

XCIV.

Silently grew the power, silent and slow,
E'en as the Ice-plains of the Arctic main,
That scarce resist the waters as they flow
At first; till, daily gathering strength, they gain
Supremacy, confine the waves below,
And bind the struggling billows in their chain.
Ocean subdued lies powerless and oppress'd;
And fathoms downward sinks to sullen rest.

XCV.

Meanwhile—though theirs perhaps were not the years
To indulge in solemn thought, or study high—
Rather to acquiesce in what appears,
Contented with what simply meets the eye,
Or daily sounds in the incurious ears;
With scarce one speculating how or why;
No glancing to the future for the fruit,
Nor burrowing in the past to find the root.

XCVI.

Yet still they judged that Rome in rest or rule,
E'en from the seedling to the spreading tree,
The consular, the imperial, was the tool
Wherewith Heav'n work'd its will on land and sea.
Fang'd like the pard, but bridled like the mule;
Guided, and goaded through antiquity—
E'en while her self-will did what it deem'd best,
In her own way—to perfect Heaven's behest.

XCVII.

Yet still they judged Rome papal, like the shoot,
That when that lofty tree was lopp'd and hew'd,
Burgeon'd, and sprung forth from the ancient root,
And in its turn became itself a wood,
Was but the fashion'd instrument to suit
The latter times, its edge and strength renew'd—
Which having done its task shall not be found;
And Rome, like Babylon, be but a sound.

XCVIII.

And then, to show that they had really been
At Rome, they buy some samples of virtu,
Modern antiques, most probably I ween,
Look on the sculpture, cast a hasty view
On many a building and time-honour'd scene;
And, scampering over all both old and new,
They leave th' eternal city as they found it,
With all its charms and recollections round it.

XCIX.

And happily they went; for, had they stay'd
Only a few months longer, they had seen
Rome, the close borough, a republic made,
And fill'd with democratic spite and spleen.
The popular Pope, unpopular, betray'd,
Imprison'd by the multitude unclean,
His friends assassinated in his sight,
And he himself compell'd to furtive flight.

C.

The spirit of democracy, unchain'd,
An unaccustom'd liberty had found
In France, and gathering strength, and unrestrain'd,
And mischievously active, with a bound
Had overleap'd the Alps, and grasp'd, and gain'd
The ascendant through the madding realms around,
Lashing to frantic rage the excited mind—
Quick, deadly, hot as the Sirocco wind.

CI.

Sudden, and swift, and fierce from man to man,
From town to town, and on from land to land,
Maddening, the exasperating demon ran;
Rousing the angry heart, arming the hand,
Denouncing, and subjecting to the ban
All legal rule, habitual command,
And just authority, and spurning down,
And trampling on, the ermine and the crown.

CII.

Where hitherto the subject had obey'd,
He vex'd and stung the multitude, till, crazed,
And wild, they seized the brand, and bared the blade.
Where opposition was not, there he raised;
Where struggling into life, imparted aid;
Stirring the smouldering embers till they blazed,
And flamed to conflagration, and destroy'd
All wisdom had erected, or enjoy'd.

CIII.

All Europe shook, and trembled at the tread
Of that exterminating spirit base.
Malice, and Hate, and Violence rear'd their head,
And Anarchy, and Murder, in the place
Where'er he came, and Peace and Quiet fled.
Age lost its reverence, Innocence its grace;
All that was honourable was o'erthrown—
The slave and convict held the power alone.

CIV.

There too the demagogue, who lives on plunder,
And thrives where'er confusion thrives, arose
To lead the mob, and hurl his lying thunder
Against the great and good who would oppose.
Till Law, and Right, and Peace lay stifling under
The ruins that o'erwhelm'd them in the close;
And Outrage, and Rebellion, Fraud, and Force
Reign'd dominant, and slew without remorse.

CV.

Where'er excuse was needed, he supplied
A lengthen'd roll of injury and wrong,
Of rights withheld, and liberty denied,
And stern rapacity indulged too long;
And tyranny, and luxury, and pride—
Till Turbulence, too willing, grew too strong,
And justified her rage by the desire
To regenerate, what yet she set on fire.

CVI.

That injuries there were, and popular right
Check'd, or refused, and absolute control
Too rudely urged and exercised; and might
Too oft its own lawgiver; and the goal
Of honour from the million lock'd up quite;
And harsh oppression that might grind the soul;
And knowledge sternly hid, who could deny?
Let them that perpetrated this reply.

CVII.

That was their fault, and let them bear the lash;
But who would have the *scorpion*-scourge applied?
Or, where reform might gently change, the rash
And revolutionary knife divide
And mangle; and democracy down-dash
And desecrate? Who would shield Fraud or Pride?
Who would not wish that all men should be free?
But Licence must not outface Liberty.

CVIII.

Because the peasant badly till'd his ground,
Who wishes that Vesuvius should explode,
And scatter its hot lava all around,
Confusing field, and farm, and tilth, and road?
Licence hath tiger's fangs, and should be bound.
But th' evil spirit, 'scaping, hath bestow'd
Strength on his talons, on his fangs fresh power,
And let him loose to ravage and devour.

CIX.

That juggling spirit forces and defrauds,
On language binds new meanings as best suits
His purposes; and to the old records
Of Time or loose or lying sense imputes.
All that is loving lingers in his words;
But they are foul beneath, and, like those fruits
That by the dead sea grow, a pulp unkind
And bitter hide within a crimson rind.

CX.

He talks of brotherhood—but 'tis in ill;
Of Liberty—'tis licence he would gain;
Equality—'tis pulling down until
You reach himself; and there he would remain
With no superior, but inferiors still
To' obey, respect, or serve. He breaks the chain
Wherewith society himself would bind;
Not that wherewith he manacles mankind.

CXI.

What is Fraternity? The kindly heat
That gently burns within a brother's heart,
Reflecting its mild warmth, and influence sweet
On all. 'Tis genuine friendship void of art.
'Tis unity of soul, where many meet,
Like sunbeams to a focus brought, t' impart
Strength to some holy purpose with one mind,
One hand. 'Tis multitudes by love combined.

CXII.

And what is Liberty? 'Tis, open-brow'd,
Freely and fearlessly to meet mankind.
'Tis to think candidly, and speak aloud
The thought, nor dread lest star-chambers should bind
Your tongue, the same at home as in a crowd,
The voice unchain'd, unmanacled the mind.
'Tis to enjoy what skill or toil hath won,
Unvex'd—to overbear, and cringe to none.

CXIII.

What is Equality? It is a name
Society knows not. Equal we 're all,
As creatures; but, as citizens, the claim
Is false. Th' Almighty looks on great and small
Impartial. Law, his shadow, does the same.
But, as man lives with man, 't were to miscall,
On the same level to raise each, where place,
Power, talent, wealth exalt us, or debase.

CXIV.

Kingdoms would fall were all men on one grade,
Nor could society exist like ours
Below, unless some ruled and some obey'd.
Nature hath trees, and shrubs, and weeds, and flowers,
Mountains, and hills, and vales, and sun, and shade.
Humility will bend where pride o'erpowers.
There 's no equality on earth, unless
'Tis that of following truth and righteousness.

CXV.

But this the juggling spirit doth not mean.
He would but hide th' offensive with the sweet,
And throw fair names o'er thoughts and things unclean;
Covering with roses what the very feet,
If seen, would shun, disgusted with th' obscene.
Who sympathize not with him, he would cheat
To sympathy. The devil little cares,
So he trap victims, what may be his snares.

CXVI.

But, with that democratic spirit base,
What is Fraternity? 'Tis to partake
In quarrel, crime, dishonesty, disgrace,
And with a cold and selfish heart forsake
Your friend, when danger stares him in the face.
In bloodshed, robbery, or oppression, make
His hand your instrument; and then betray,
To save or to appropriate the prey.

CXVII.

What is that filthy spirit's Liberty?
It is to be constrain'd yourself by nought,
Yet lay constraints on all. It is to be
Amenable to none, in act or thought;
And yet make all amenable to thee.
To do what you desire, not what you ought;
And, unrestricted by rebuke or rule,
Drink, dice, deflower, be villain, knave, or fool.

CXVIII.

If such his meaning and construction be
Of Liberty, and holy brotherhood;
What other sense unto Equality
Can he attach but one as wrong and rude?
'Tis, where he needs it, a community
Not in rank only, but in power, wealth, food.
All that is yours being his—all that 's his own,
His absolute, exclusively, alone.

CXIX.

He means that other men should undergo
The toil, whilst he the profit takes, or shares.
Should spin, or weave, or dig, or plough, or sow,
And gather all the field or furrow bears—
Ready, nay bound all he wants to bestow:
Whilst nor his time, nor travail should be theirs.
His questionable, strange equality
Enchants the drone, but little suits the bee.

CXX.

But steady strength and order Heav'n bestows,
And the fiend hates—and where true freedom dwells,
And each his duty and position knows,
Each under each, placed like a peal of bells,
With none subservient, like the serf, to close
The chain, and th' equal law o'er all—what else
But opposition open, or conceal'd,
Can we expect from hearts too proud to yield?

CXXI.

Hence, partly from the pride of high and low,
That or despises, or that hates to bend,
Would no denial, no superior know—
Part from prerogative that would contend
For tribute long-possess'd, which yet none owe;
And stubborn, strong resistance that would rend
The web it might untangle, would it wait,
And work with patience, and not irritate—

CXXII.

The democratic fiend obtains success;
And, having once to due resistance brought
The rival interests, he proceeds t' impress
All that the mind inflamed, or th' angry thought,
Of violated rights, or waywardness,
Would firmly seek, or would deny when sought,
On the contending ranks—till words to blows
Arise, and wrath and blood are in the close.

CXXIII.

That gain'd, he triumphs; squatting down, and viewing
The mischief caused by him, that few escape:
The anguish, and the labour, and the ruin.
Grinning and gibbering like an angry ape.
Or, where the deeds of death and hell are doing,
Shouting, and struggling in a fiercer shape,
Behind the barricades he takes his station,
Or fills the battle-field with devastation.

CXXIV.

Oh! for some pitying spirit to hurl him thence,
In th' adamantine foldings of his chain,
Fettering his devilish fraud and violence;
And, in his dungeon trampling him again,
To the huge staple rivet the offence!
And, possibly, as the rude hurricane
Of deadly vapours purifies the air,
E'en the fiend's onslaught may its blessing bear.

CXXV.

He hath through Europe pass'd, and everywhere
Brought terror, tears, the agonizing cry,
The frantic death-struggle, and mad despair.
Ranging the soldiers' volleying musketry
Against the stubborn crowd, resolved to dare
Th' extremes of peril, and destroy, or die—
The pike, the club, the pebble, and the chain—
Whatever haste can snatch, or force obtain.

CXXVI.

But to this happy Island of the Free,
  But to our own dear hearths and homes, our own
Dear country, the sole land of liberty,
  He hath not come. He hath spared that alone.
The revolutionary rivalry
  Of civil discord here hath scarce been known.
Nor here hath neighbour against neighbour stood:
Nor the streets run down red with kindred blood.

CXXVII.

Sweet Heav'n! it was thy Providence that stay'd
  The bloody fiend, and turn'd his wing aside.
'Twas thy protection, and thy ready aid,
  E'en though he hover'd over us, and tried—
Tried thrice to swoop upon his quarry, made
  The effort vain. Thy goodness quell'd his pride.
And Peace, compell'd around the world to roam
Homeless, led here, and made this isle her home.

CXXVIII.

This was thy work, sweet Heaven!—and now what praise,
  Or what thanksgiving can thy love express,
That not for our deserts, or righteous ways,
  But for thine own mere loving-kindliness,
Preserved us when the earth was in a blaze?
  Oh! be propitious still, and guard, and bless;
And, if the madness of the time should e'er
Tempt us to tumult, pacify, and spare.

CXXIX.

All this, indeed, was yet to come, and they
Stay'd not to see such unexpected sights
As throng upon us in the present day;
And feverish patients see in dreams o' nights.
Where, all accustom'd order giving way,
The solemn with th' extravagant unites;
Th' absurd links with the terrible, and gore
And carnage follow the buffoon before.

CXXX.

But we are conversant with such strange things
As raise the hair on end, and make us shake
With fear for what the coming minute brings.
Seeing society around us break;
The wreck of kingdoms, and the flight of kings;
Justice asleep, and violence awake;
And the rude rabble uppermost, and schooling,
Scourging, or scoffing those that should be ruling.

CXXXI.

The sordid and the base on high—the great,
The good, and worthy undermost; and still,
Th' antagonistic muscles of the state,
That should together work, and with one will,
And for one end, by rivalry and hate
Parted, consenting only but to kill.
Peace full of sores, and order one contusion;
And th' earth brimfull of wild fire and confusion.

CXXXII.

These are the sights we witness all around.
Unusual scenes, and awful threats severe
That echo o'er us with the trumpet's sound,
And to our bibles drive through faith, or fear.
Whate'er in ancient prophecy is found,
Of the last times making us fancy near.
The trials, and the terrors, and the tears
That come with or precede the latter years.

CXXXIII.

But these the muse with reverence leaves aside,
Trembling, and apprehensive lest her touch
Hath trespass'd upon holy things denied:
Or busied with th' allow'd, perhaps, too much,
Hath inadvertently the pure allied,
And mingled with the common; crown and crutch
Coupling, and Aaron's bells, so sweet of sound,
With the shrill pipe or ruder bugle drown'd.

CXXXIV.

Then hurrying, as your English travellers use—
All English travellers in this agreeing.
As if their only business were to lose
As little time as possible in seeing
Men, manufactures, manners, cities, views;
Or their supreme wish and endeavour being
Back to the starting spot to win their way,
With the least interruption and delay.

CXXXV.

Why not? Is any place so sweet as home?
Or any dinner like their own roast beef?
Or any customs, wheresoe'er they roam,
So natural as theirs? But first, and chief,
In Paris, Petersburgh, Vienna, Rome,
And all the country round, it stirs their grief
To find no fox-hounds, nor old port, nor stout—
Things that a man can scarcely live without.

CXXXVI.

Besides, what Englishman, however fain,
Could of his island prejudices quite
Denude his heart, or purify his brain?
Who does not know that Britain 's the delight
Of gods and men? The regent of the main!
The gem and glory of all lands, in spite
Of its damp climate, fogs, and varying weather,
And all its faults and failings put together?

CXXXVII.

Who does not know that in that favour'd isle
Justice sits throned, and Liberty bears rule,
Though Whigs and Tories mutually revile,
Each deeming each a knave—at least a fool?
Who does not know what cheerful comforts smile
Around the Englishman's fire-side at Yule?
Who does not know, in short, that England 's full
Of all that 's good and gracious for John Bull?

CXXXVIII.

John Bull, who, lovingly, go where he will,
Carries his country with him. To Peru
Or Greenland bears his prejudices still,
His habits, customs, and amusements too;
And Leicestershire, Hyde Park, or Ludgate Hill
Would find, or make, in the' old world or the new.
Hear something English everywhere, and ev'n
Be John Bull ever in earth, hell, or heav'n!

CXXXIX.

And long may he the prejudice retain,
That deems straightforward honesty the best;
And social faith the fairest social chain;
Virtue a friend, and Truth a household guest;
Deems selfishness, and fraud, and falsehood vain;
And his own country bless'd, and to be bless'd,
So long as she adores the favouring power,
That made her what she is—the earth's best flower.

CXL.

So, through the Netherlands, where Voltaire view'd
Nought else but wild ducks, and canals, and boors,
" Canards, canaux, canaille," a sarcasm rude,
Whose quaint alliteration still endures.
But they look'd round them in a gentler mood
On industry, that gradually ensures
Success, and pours, at length, o'er lands forlorn,
The luxuries of Amalthea's horn.

CXLI.

They saw rich pastures sedgy streams among,
Cover'd with herds, that stray'd the meadows through,
And echoing with the early milkmaid's song;
And busy towns with trade that echoed too;
But with delighted triumph linger'd long
On the decisive field of Waterloo,
Where the insatiate conqueror, conquer'd, fled,
Careless so he was safe, though thousands bled.

CXLII.

Nor wonder, if in one short month, or two,
So far they travell'd, and so much they view'd,
Not perfunctorily, nor yet pass'd through
Unleisurely the Alpine solitude,
And the Italian towns; at Waterloo
Linger'd—and where 's the Englishman but would?—
And, careless of the wind, recross'd the stream
Of ocean, since they went by rail and steam;

CXLIII.

Steam, the great wonder-worker, the sublime,
And certain instrument to civilize
The world, bind land to land, and clime to clime;
Link man to man in sweetest charities;
Th' estranging prejudice of space and time,
And creed o'ercome, or soften as it flies;
Amalgamate and mingle mind with mind,
And in one family unite mankind.

CXLIV.

This is its holy work, and this, although
Opposed and interrupted, and decried,
Shall yet be done. Though blood meantime may flow,
And bigotry, and wantonness, and pride
Wrestle, and rage, and madden, still the foe
From infancy shall in the friend subside;
And tribes at enmity for centuries cease
To hate, and rival nations mix in peace.

CXLV.

This is its holy work, and it shall fly,
Prospering, and still to prosper, over sea,
And land, and wilderness, and mountain high,
On its swift pinions bearing amity;
Till universal love, with laughing eye,
In the far stranger shall a brother see;
No more his customs scorning, nor his face,
But welcome him with a heart-kind embrace.

CXLVI.

Meantime, where'er th' idolaters display'd
Their vicious rites impure, and worship vain,
In tower or temple, mountain-top or glade;
Where'er the bigot bore his torturing chain,
Or Mussulmans their oft ablutions made,
The Lord of Lords shall vindicate his reign;
Where'er the steamer comes, the house of pray'r
Shall rise, and Christianity dwell there.

CXLVII.

Down shall the rabble rout of idols fall,
Like Dagon broken in the midst, no more
To rise; with all their trumpery, and all
Their cheating lies, and savage thirst for gore.
And, liberated from the gyves that gall
The soul, mankind in freedom shall adore
Th' incarnate, the redeeming God, and know
None other name to trust in here below.

CXLVIII.

And see, with an anticipating eye,
Crowding the bridge that Heav'n hath built for them,
Methinks through distant clouds I can descry
The Tribes returning to Jerusalem!
From every land and climate, shore and sky,
Where Pride could scoff, or Exile could condemn;
From east, west, north, and south, o'er sand and foam,
Mountain, and sea, the banish'd hasten home.

CXLIX.

Numerous and thick as the bees swarm in spring,
Thronging, the railroads and steam-vessels groan
With the mix'd multitudes they homeward bring,
Not now with stern eye and insulting tone,
Angry, and mocking their anointed king,
But worshipping, and praising Him alone,
And mourning bitterly, and weeping sore
For the unnatural rage indulged before.

CL.

Yes, the dark, dreary night of their rejection,
And servitude, and sufferings o'erpast,
With many a joyous throb, and sad reflection,
In their own land they congregate at last.
With many a deep and solemn recollection,
The aged labouring yet; and fair, and fast,
All hope, and haste, and buoyancy the young,
To kiss the land whence their forefathers sprung.

CLI.

Hark! to the shout, the weeping and the pray'r,
The praises and the acclamations loud,
As, in the misty distance rising there,
The holy city breaks upon the crowd!
Hark! to the cries of triumph that o'erbear
The penitential sobs, to be allow'd
Once more, absolved, to visit that dear place,
Desired and loved through ages of disgrace.

CLII.

Henceforth restored to favour, and again
Of th' holy family, to root and grow,
Like the true olive in their native plain,
They come, the heralds of God's love below.
As in their unbelief no ensign vain,
In their conversion and devotion, so
No doubtful sign, and miracle to prove
God's truth, his anger, and redeeming love.

CLIII.

Oh! for the ecstasy that he shall feel,
Who lives to see that great and glorious day,
When Heav'n descends on earth to help and heal
The world, and God shall reign, and man obey.
Meantime, the eager eye of Faith may steal
A forward glance where future glories play,
And in the railroad and the steamer find
Heaven's instruments t' unite and bless mankind.

CLIV.

And travelling, most certainly, is pleasant,
And seeing foreign lands and foreign faces,
And foreign company from peer to peasant;
And, in remarkably romantic places,
Eating their coarse brown bread or steaming pheasant,
Gives to the matrimonial embraces
A zest; and to the novel joys of marriage
Adds novel sights, seen from a new post-carriage.

CLV.

Yes, travelling, no doubt, is gratifying,
Especially where you prudently take time,
And do not make the tour of Europe flying;
But pause, and seek, and study the sublime;
Not with the straws upon the surface lying
Content, but anxious for the pure and prime,
With the wise cock o' the fable, turn the soil,
Till the bright glittering gem rewards your toil.

CLVI.

The very novelty that charms the eyes,
Or wakens and invigorates the mind,
And still to curiosity supplies
Fresh food; the never-failing hope to find;
The activity required to gain the prize;
The little difficulties left behind;
The passing on from place to place; the view,
At every stage, of something strange or new.

CLVII.

The valley with the early dewdrops wet
Traced, and the green or storied spots you meet;
The mountain climb'd at sunrise, or sunset,
And all the gorgeous scenery at its feet;
The Alpine bridge, the forded rivulet,
The morning's glad anticipations sweet;
The milky cud of memory chew'd ere night—
These are the traveller's guerdon and delight.

CLVIII.

Then all the useful information gained;
The fair and elegant acquirements made;
The knowledge sweetly gleaned and well retained;
The minds contrasted, and the men surveyed;
The prejudices soften'd or restrained;
Forbearance learn'd, and Charity display'd;
And all the treasured recollections dear,
That shed delight o'er many a distant year.

CLIX.

Those pleasant recollections trifle-bred,
With scarce an effort of the memory kept;
Or deeper rooted, and to persons wed
Beloved, or sunny spots—that having slept
Silent as untouch'd lute-strings, ambushed
Deep in the mind, as if o' the sudden swept
From their concealment, from long slumbers start
To life, and sing and revel round the heart.

CLX.

A word, a sound, a scent, a sight, a look,
Or some remote resemblance of a place;
A print, a line, or sentence in a book—
Sometimes without apparent cause to trace,
Up, like a scared bird from its leafy nook,
Bounds Memory, and the circumstance, the face,
The spot unseen, unthought of long, is there
Before our eyes, as real and as fair.

CLXI.

And doubtless these are sweet, and he is blessed,
Who, with the inclination, hath the power
To rove the wild world over, or to rest,
The wish indulging of the passing hour.
But where stern Fortune hath withheld the best,
Plucking the leaf, although denied the flower,
'Tis pleasant to read voyages, and roam
At second-hand, by proxy, and at home.

CLXII.

'Tis pleasant roving, and 'tis pleasant writing,
The traveller recording all he found
Of persons, places, time, and toil inviting,
And, at his leisure, every inch of ground
Retracing. And the reading is delighting.
In the straight circle of one's homestead bound,
Such volumes draw the expatiating mind
Abroad, howe'er the person be confined.

CLXIII.

They, like the optic glass, bring distance near,
And open up the breathing world before us;
Lap as amid the roses of Kashmere,
And fling the oriental sunshine o'er us.
What we have not known, both to eye and ear,
Brightly present; to what we have, restore us,
While, through the telescope which they provide,
And point, we view the earth from side to side.

CLXIV.

Hail to the travellers since they write for me,
Kind-hearted voyagers! That I may know
All that they know, and see whate'er they see,
O'er distant waves, and foreign lands they go,
Where other stars and other climates be;
Enduring burning suns and arctic snow,
Compass the earth, and then, returning, write
Their wanderings, purposely for my delight.

CLXV.

'Tis sweet to follow those adventurous men,
Explore the Ganges, Rhine, or Amazon;
Climb the high Pique, descend Bovino's glen,
Watch loud Niagara his falls o'errun;
Search green Tinian or savage Kerguelen;
Trace Petra's chisell'd rocks and valley dun;
And still, indulging in one's easy chair,
Be lightly wheel'd round with them everywhere.

CLXVI.

Come, trim the lamp, and bring my slippers here,
And heap the fuel till the flames prevail;
And give me Anson, Byron, Cooke, Dampier,
That I may with them o'er the ocean sail.
'Tis my delight, howe'er the vessel veer,
To wear with her; and in the calm or gale
To clew, or strike sail, as the vex'd waves foam,
Or blue sea sleeps—yet feel myself at home.

CLXVII.

And yet, methinks, the bridegroom and the bride,
Without the bustle and the bore of travel,
Might just as happily at home abide,
And there the silken marriage clue unravel.
Though that were vulgar; and 'twould hurt their pride
To walk, in safety, on their own smooth gravel,
Instead of climbing rugged roads and rocks;
And getting sundry falls and divers knocks.

CLXVIII.

Still 'tis a matter, after all, of taste;
Rather of fashion, whosoe'er begun it;
One who had, doubtless, time and cash to waste;
Or marrying, and repenting when he had done it,
As often happens with things done in haste,
To soften down the evil, or to shun it,
Wander'd through unknown lands—but, to my mind,
'Twere better had *he* left his wife behind.

CLXIX.

Yet that in decency he scarce could do.
Besides, abroad, whilst sharing his attention
Between his spouse and Heaven knows what, or who,
There was some chance, by ways one scarce need mention,
Nor guess, nor yet foresee, nor yet eschew,
Beyond all notion, thought, or comprehension,
That his dear wife might from the crowded deck
Be swept, or on the mountains break her neck.

CLXX.

Not that I mean this as a general case;
Far be it from me to hint so rash a thing.
But, if the origin we could but trace,
It might be found the fountain-head and spring,
Why your young couple seek a distant place,
Their money in outlandish hands to fling.
But 'tis the fashion, howe'er it might rise,
And foreign inkeepers esteem it wise.

CLXXI.

So says the heretic in nuptial matters,
Not I, who ne'er imagined such a thing.
'Twould do for your old bachelor, who flatters
His celibacy when he darts a sting
In matrimony, which he sourly scatters
With satire or abuse. But I would bring
All that is laudatory, and repeat
All that is complimentary and sweet.

CLXXII.

For, if 'tis sweet to travel, 'tis most sweet
To travel in the sweetest of society,
With whom, e'en in retirement and retreat,
Thrice happy, you are happier in variety:
Without whose smiles your bliss were incomplete:
With whom, beyond all chill or contrariety,
Your joys were more than doubled, and your woes,
And toils, and troubles lull'd into repose.

CLXXIII.

Fair was the maiden, but the wife is more;
And, certainly, ere yet familiarity
Hath breathed upon th' enchantment shining o'er
The soft companionship of wedded charity—
Ere love, long gazing, ceases to adore,
But, still detecting nothing of disparity,
Nor showing aught of cold, begins to blend,
By slow degrees, the lover with the friend.

CLXXIV.

In that fair season where the wife is still
The dear, the idolized, the charming bride,
And the new-married pair have but one will:
But for themselves no wandering thought beside.
Whilst yet endearment and indulgence fill
Their hours, and rapidly the moments glide,
Alone with one another; each concluding
The very best friend's presence half intruding.

CLXXV.

Surely 'tis most allowable to fly
Common acquaintance, whose mere looks repress
The loving glance of a confiding eye!
The whisper'd kindness, or the stol'n caress.
And better 'tis than choicest company,
To wander in delicious loneliness
Through distant lands together; and to gaze
On lovely scenery in those golden days;

CLXXVI.

Scenes for a painter's or a poet's eye,
Where Byron or Salvator all the day
Might gaze enraptured, and ne'er satisfy
Their sight, and to his canvas this convey
Or that, with all a poet's ecstasy
Describe the wild, magnificent, or gay;
Vales that delight, and torrents that appal,
" Stealing and giving beauty " to them all;

CLXXVII.

Scenes where the poet and the artist stray
As in congenial places; the green wood,
The lonely glen where the bright waters play,
The wide-spread down, the mountain solitude,
And the wild shingly beach and billowy bay
Nurse and supply their fancy with its food;
Till o'er the brightening canvas th' artist throws
Their colours, and the bard's description glows.

CLXXVIII.

These be their native haunts; and they are sought
As naturally by them as the flower
Is by the bee because 'tis honey-fraught.
Here, too, they seek their sweets, and find the power
That adds a grace to skill, a strength to thought,
And where the sun shines, or the tempests low'r,
Mark th' ever-varying tints and shades that rest
Upon the vale, or tinge the mountain's crest.

CLXXIX.

These be their realms. The person and the place
Agree; for Nature rules in both serene,
And stamps quick admiration of the grace
She liberally scatters o'er the scene,
Upon their hearts. What o'er the outward place
She works with rougher charms, reflects within
With softer beauty, and transfers the bright
Or gloomy there with mellowing shade and light.

CLXXX.

Oh! for the awful feelings, the surprise,
The joy, the inexpressible delight
That in the spirit burns, when the glad eyes
Rest on some noble landscape, and the sight
Drinks the successive glories as they rise
Above, below, around, on left and right;
And still new combinations are descried;
And still new beauties start on every side.

CLXXXI.

Hence while the scene is on the mind impress'd,
And the admiring spirit works and glows,
Fresh from the mint of the rapt poet's breast,
Across his page the fine description flows.
Hence, 'mid the scenery where he loves to rest,
Inspired, the artist o'er his canvas throws
His soul, and with creative genius gives
Form and expression, till his picture lives.

CLXXXII.

Hence Shakspeare, with a master's touch, displays
Boon nature, howsoe'er her beauties rise.
Thomson her graces catches as she strays;
And Byron brings the torrent to your eyes.
Hence, too, Salvator's faithful brush betrays
Her rude magnificence in earth and skies:
And, with the softest tints that art bestows,
Poussin imparts her peace and her repose.

CLXXXIII.

The finest scenery loses half that 's fair
Or fascinating when beheld alone.
But oh! how rich it looks when *she* is there!
Her notions still uniting with thine own,
Of all that 's beautiful in earth or air:
Her smile bestowing on the dull, dark stone
Of the rough rock a brilliancy that flies
Around, wherever she directs her eyes.

CLXXXIV.

And, then, how pleasant, when th' enraptured sight
Lingers on torrent, lake, or waterfall;
The mountain fastness or the giddy height;
Romantic glen, or tower, or castled hall—
T' exclaim "How beautiful, how grand, how bright!"
And know she looks on, and agrees with all!
Upon my word, 'tis such enchanting bliss,
That I will say no more of it than this—

CLXXXV.

Than only this, that 'tis—but Nature speaks—
Ten thousand pities we have not the power
To swell those joyous moments into weeks,
Those weeks to months—nay, every precious hour
To years; and ever have, what nature seeks
So painfully, love in the full-blown flower,
And pleasure sweetly warbling on the tongue;
And, in a word, remain for ever young.

CLXXXVI.

For ever young and hopeful, and delighting
In all that is delightful, all that 's pure.
Exposed to nothing baneful, bleak, or blighting.
Life a mere paradise, a cynosure.
No foe, no fear, no follies, nor no fighting;
No coldness to lament, no grief to cure;
No envying, emulation, debt, denial—
This world no scene of suffering, nor of trial.

CLXXXVII.

And 'tis a mighty gratifying notion;
A mighty pretty notion, passing sweet!
But in this world, where all things are in motion,
From the quick pulses in heart, hands, and feet,
The glorious sun and moon, and stars and ocean,
Down to the worthless dust upon the street—
Where everything or rises, falls, or flies,
Progresses, moves,—this Providence denies.

CLXXXVIII.

And wisely—for, if we could realize
That splendid vision, that would still renew
Joy in the heart, and pleasure in the eyes—
What would it be at best, if it were true?
What but a pleasant exile in disguise?
A lingering where the moth and rust eat through?
A feeding, not on angels' food, but leaven?
A long estrangement from eternal Heaven?

CLXXXIX.

Fair is this world, but Heaven is fairer still.
And we, who were not for this earth intended
Alone, where poisons with perfumes distil,
And something foul with all things fair is blended
Designedly, that mere earth might not fill
Our hearts, or with it all our hopes be ended,
Are often forced to feel the wringing fetter,
That we may gaze beyond to something better.

CXC.

So youth decays and withers, whilst we cry,
"'Tis pity we cannot be always young."
And love, and health, and pleasure fade and fly,
E'en whilst their names sound sweetly on our tongue.
And all around us droops, and seems to die;
Not that we may be scorch'd, or scotch'd, or stung,
But taught to trust and strive; and, having striven
In hope, to look up anxiously to Heaven.

CXCI.

Oh! who that reads God's word or works aright
Would cry, "'Tis pity we should e'er grow old;
But still be young, and revelling in delight."
In such delight as earthly blessings hold.
Knowing he hath a fair home, warm and bright,
To which all bright and warm is dull and cold
On earth. A home that can but be secured
By him that, like his Saviour, hath endured.

CXCII.

They go, and they return—and time goes too.
And or in childbed, sickness, or in woe,
And often whilst the marriage-dress is new,
Sudden, or wasting silently and slow,
And with a second, and more sad adieu,
She falls—and that same bell—'tis even so,
Resumes its voice, but with a different tone—
Solemn, and mingling with the sob, the groan.

CXCIII.

They go, and they return—and though their tour
Was passing pleasant, as all tours must be,
Where, of his true and treasured heart secure,
Love leads, and beckons to Felicity;
With all that 's grand t' inspire, or fair t' allure;
Still, as the white cliffs swell'd above the sea,
Distant, and scarce emerging from the foam,
How their pulse throbb'd to gaze once more on home!

CXCIV.

And still, the nearer they approach'd, the more
Each well-known object, each familiar place—
The road-side path, the tall elms hanging o'er
The turnpike-gate, the boor's inquiring face,
And recognising bow, oft seen before,
But never with such pleasure—nay, to trace
The very milestones, as each to the eye
Told home was drawing nigher, and more nigh,—

CXCV.

All this was of domestic, dear delight,
Heart-full. But more, as climbing the last hill,
The skirts o' the hamlet open'd on their sight;
And in the evening sunshine, calm and still,
With its gilt vane fix'd south, at rest, and bright;
The spire o'ertopp'd the trees; and then the mill
Rose, with its small stream's huddling waterfall;
And then the village, and park-gate, and hall.

CXCVI.

Home! Whose heart doth not throb at the mere sound?
And dance and leap with pleasure at the sight
Of the dear place that gathers and holds bound,
In its gold circlet treasured, the delight
Of all familiar intercourse hath crown'd,
And all domestic comfort knows of bright?
The place of intimate endearment blest:
The downy pillow of endearing rest.

CXCVII.

Home! where the man throws joyously aside,
With his court-dress and sword, the stiff disguise,
And harsh constraint that fashion, caution, pride,
Or forms force on him in the stranger's eyes.
And unrestricted, all himself, untied,
Untrammell'd and unbound, his bosom lies
Open and unsuspicious, frank and free;
And his words are his thoughts, whate'er they be.

CXCVIII.

Home! where so many pleasant trifles be—
Each acceptable, and all, more or less,
Forms or ingredients of felicity.
There Ease reclines, and Mirth forbears t' repress
Th' immoderate laughter echoed back by glee.
And quiet-eyed Content and Happiness,
Those cherub twins, lie nestling amongst roses;
And full security the breast uncloses.

CXCIX.

Home! where the best affections richest grow,
And all-confiding trust is the completest;
Where full indulgence soonest exhausts woe,
And joy, by love shared and prolong'd, is sweetest.
Home! a diminutive paradise below;
The sunniest, shadiest, nearest, nicest, neatest;
And an anticipated Heaven, supplying
All that is soothing, soft, and satisfying.

CC.

There, as the skylark drops into her nest,
There drops the weak and weary heart betray'd,
Whom a bad world hath worried and oppress'd,
And finds sure comfort in its silent shade;
There lulls its throbbing sorrows into rest;
There bathes its wounds, and soothes its hopes decay'd;
Shuts out th' intrusive crowd, and shakes aside
Its fret, and tastes the peace too long denied.

CCI.

There, as the foot-sore labourer repairs
His strength, when Sunday spreads the sacred page;
Or the returning traveller stops, and shares
Refreshment, ere he enters his last stage;
Ambition brings his disappointed cares,
Manhood his toils, his aches decrepid age.
All that have been deluded—suffer'd—striv'n,
Repose a space there, between earth and Heav'n.

CCII.

There, latest and reluctant, drugg'd with gold,
Or ruin'd, all his speculations vain —
Comes sleepless Merchandise, infirm and old,
Having exhausted life, and soul, and brain,
In calculating schemes of bought and sold;
Travail and watchings, cark and care for gain—
Till, as the mendicant or millionaire,
Wearied, he seeks one hour of respite there.

CCIII.

Each, as their years increase or strength decays,
Or grace a light hath o'er their spirit cast,
Retiring there, regret their wasted days,
And in seclusion become wise at last;
Reject the toys that once secured their praise;
And, turning to the Future from the Past,
At home for that far better home prepare;
And sweetly sink to gentle slumbers there.

CCIV.

Oh, who hath ever linger'd long from home
But bears its miniature within his breast,
As of an absent friend, where'er he roam,
And still recurs to that delicious nest,
Where, like the honey in the honeycomb,
All his best thoughts and recollections rest;
Full of th' accustom'd charities that please—
Whose very pebbles are acquaintances;

CCV.

And who, returning, though not long away,
Nor distant far, but hath not, with an eye
Of eager recognition, glad and gay,
Hail'd every object as he passes by?
Trifles, that to none others would convey
Aught, and are scarcely noticed, gratify
His bosom, that associates every sight
And sound there with some dear one, some delight.

CCVI.

There stands an ancient tree, whose roots peep out
O' the river's bank, and dip into the tide.
'Twas there his childhood hid, and, with a shout
Of jocund haste, betray'd where he would hide;
'Twas there his boyhood, half desire, half doubt,
First trusted to the stream; and then, with pride,
Rivall'd a brother in the watery race,
Or stay'd the swift boat in that favourite place.

CCVII.

Here is a broken gate, decay'd and old,
Where, in his boyhood, he so often swung,
And where, in his maturer days, he told
That sweetest tale the hesitating tongue
Can tell, or the delighted ear can hold,
And to a maid as loving and as young
Breathed the delicious secret long conceal'd
So anxiously, so tremblingly reveal'd.

CCVIII.

But why dilate? The well-accustom'd eye
Descries in every turn, and nook, and place,
Marks that recall to busy memory
Some scene or circumstance it loves to trace;
There hears a voice, and almost would reply;
Here ever meets some loved and loving face.
Amid familiar scenes like these to roam
Is joyous, for all whispers, "Thou 'rt at home."

CCIX.

Then the first sound that welcomed her again
Was the same merry bell and jocund chime
That rang so gladly o'er the marriage train,
And to the wanderings of her wedding time
So sweetly bade God speed. Beyond the main
That music in each fair and foreign clime
Oft echoed in her ears, and now once more
Met her, returning to her native shore.

CCX.

And still she heard those friendly bells repeat
The merry tone and gratulating peal,
When her first-born press'd to her, to complete
Her wedded joys, and her maternal weal.
And still their murmurs sounded soft and sweet,
When Providence, her happiness to seal,
A second blessing in a second child
Bestow'd, and on her girl the mother smiled.

CCXI.

Two children, the fond parents' urgent pray'r,
Whose love believes their little hearts must hide
All the best virtues that can nestle there—
As the green bud holds the vermilion pride
Of the full-blossom'd rose, that scents the air
Of June. E'en like the flower, as they decide,
The child new beauties gaining whilst maturing;
The young bud promising, the bloom alluring.

CCXII.

'Tis the too willing and too sweet mistake
Of the maternal bosom to foresee
Her child the excellent creature she would make;
Rather than what the ripening man shall be,
When all the passions in their strength awake,
And the heart feels its own infirmity.
When the thorn, hardening, sharp and sharper grows—
Then sharpest, when most beautiful the rose.

CCXIII.

Oh, that the doting mother's prophecy
Were ever true; nor she too oft beguiled,
Whilst gazing with a too indulgent eye;
Or that the seraph fled not with the child.
But she herself must toil to verify
Her own predictions. She must tame the wild,
The angry calm, the vicious check, th' impure
Reprove, confirm the weak, the strong secure.

CCXIV.

She, as the Diver plies his busy art,
And in the dark gulph finds his costly prize,
Must search into the depths of the young heart,
And, from the close recesses where it lies,
Bring up the pearl, and skilfully impart
Its polish, cleanse all its impurities,
Make its improving beauties brighter still,
And, all she fondly prophesied, fulfil.

CCXV.

And now the Bride, the gay and gladsome, priding
Herself on rout and revel, dress and beauty,
Gently into the soberer wife subsiding,
Busied herself in her domestic duty,
In the calm precincts of her home abiding—
Not as the swallow, for its insect booty
Abroad flies all the day—but fix'd at rest,
As the hen fondly broods upon her nest.

CCXVI.

And still she listen'd, as at fall or spring
O' the year they rang at intervals; and still
The chime pass'd o'er her gay and triumphing;
Loud in the valley, melting o'er the hill.
And, really, tis a very pretty thing,
At morn, or ev'n, to hear their music fill
The tranquil air, and catch the varying note,
As it swells near, or faintly dies remote.

CCXVII.

But oh, the changes of this changing scene,
Where we ourselves, and ours, and all around
Are in perpetual change! Are and have been,
The two prevailing points that hedge and bound
Our vision and experience—sad, serene,
Joyous, unhappy, young, old, cross'd or crown'd,
The different phases of our lot, that ne'er
Rests at high tide nor low—at foul nor fair.

CCXVIII.

E'en while her travels she talked o'er, and spoke
Of perilous storms by sea, and scenes on shore;
And told how gloriously the morning broke
Around the Wetterhorn; and how their oar,
Dipp'd in the Leman lake, with every stroke
Their glittering sparkles from the waters bore;
At evening dash'd the wavelets into light;
Or dripp'd with ruddy ruby-drops at night.

CCXIX.

E'en whilst of Alpine journeyings she told,
Climbing the Great Saint Bernard; and the race
Of hardy dogs sagacious, quick, and bold
The fainting Traveller in the snow to trace
And scent, and save him perishing with cold;
Or of the glaciers, and that icy place,
Where never thaw was known from eldest time—
Chillingly bare, and terribly sublime.

CCXX.

E'en whilst delightedly she loved to tell
Of Rome, and all its glories and its pride—
And its Laocoon—and a soft glance fell
Of love upon the infants at her side—
Where th' artfully wrought stone express'd so well
The two boys' feeble struggles ere they died;
And th' agonizing father's throes to break
The twisted folds of either deadly snake;

CCXXI.

Or of th' Apollo Belvidere, that stood
Magnificently scornful, proudly fair;
Or the stern Gladiator in his blood;
As in the fierce convulsions of despair
He died t' amuse the Roman multitude;
Or beautifully bashful, shape and air
Perfect, the Venus, shrinking, sought to shade
Charms that the mere attempt to hide display'd.

CCXXII.

E'en whilst indulging in the recollections
That on her memory linger'd to the last—
Like th' amethystine tints, and rich reflections,
The summer sunset's golden glories cast
Upon Mont Blanc—those shadowy connections
Between the palpable present and the past,
That o'er us throw the light of bygone days,
Fainter, but fair, from their expiring rays.

CCXXIII.

E'en thus, and then, delightedly recalling
Those happy times, the change came o'er her head,
And gradually she felt the shadow falling.
And now she sigh'd, and now a tear she shed,
As with anticipations more appalling
She for the living fear'd, or wept the dead.
Whilst the glad bell, that had so gaily rung,
Changing its note, spake with a sadder tongue.

CCXXIV.

And first the deepening tone, although it fell
Upon her heart, fell lightly, and she sigh'd
Her brief regret away ere yet the bell
Had scarcely ceased. But as relations died,
And the dear friends of childhood loved so well,
Long known, the girl, the Maiden, or the Bride,
More sensibly she felt that heavy tone,
And in her friends' death all but wept her own.

CCXXV.

So change came quickly following change, until
Heavier that bell beat on her heart, as day
By day her own strength 'gan to wane, and still
Waned faster, and the hectic flush that lay
Upon her cheek—the treacherous glows that kill
Gently, and smilingly lead on decay—
Tinged her pale brow with red; and then the bell
Seem'd, as it toll'd, her own near fate to tell.

CCXXVI.

And change came following change, until, at last,
The dear companion of her life, with whom
She wander'd ere a sorrow frown'd t' o'ercast
Her joys, or shed one taint upon their bloom:
With whom she talk'd so sweetly of the past—
Sudden, in health, was hurried to the tomb.
Then did that bell speak daggers, and the toll
Fell crushingly, and deadly, on her soul.

CCXXVII.

We in our bosoms our tormentors bear,
And of our own hearts coin our griefs, and grow
Within ourselves the brambles and the care
That fret our lives away; for we bestow
On trifles consequence, make mockeries share
The nature of realities, and throw
Round the poor beetle's horns, though blunt and weak,
The power to wound us like the vulture's beak.

CCXXVIII.

A fool's neglect, a boy's impertinence;
A word, look, motion, misinterpreted;
A mere fond fancy void of consqeuence;
Th' unfounded, false reports the vulgar spread;
Things without substance, likelikood, or sense,
We suffer o'er our happiness to shed
A poison, or a gloom, or passing shade—
All the mere creatures we ourselves have made.

CCXXIX.

This is our folly, and, it may be, part
Of the stern trial we must undergo;
So that, where there 's nought real t' oppress the heart,
We make a grief, direct the feeble blow,
And give it strength with self-tormenting art.
No wonder, then, that what is truly so
Heart-rending, or heart-scalding, we increase,
Prolong, nor suffer it to give us peace.

CCXXX.

Yet there *are* sorrows sickening and severe:
Disease, want, slavery, poverty, and pain;
Still more the loss of those we loved too dear.
There is the violent bursting of the chain
That bound us to the world; and when we hear
Those lips' last sighs that ne'er shall sigh again,
And see those eyes for ever closed, that ne'er
Gazed on us but with love, 'tis hard to bear.

CCXXXI.

Each mournful knell, each lingering sound renew'd
The languid Widow's anguish and dismay,
As from the window her sick eyes pursued,
Unwillingly, the funeral array;
As full in sight, between the church and wood
That skirted the grave-yard, it wound its way,
Till, as the antique porch it enter'd slow,
She looked her last on him she loved below.

CCXXXII.

And oh! how deep and dismal is the tone,
At solemn intervals repeated slow,
Knelling for the departure of a soul,
That was our treasure in this world of woe!
Though he himself be now past grief's control,
How heavily, as with a sensible blow,
It beats upon the ear, and seems to part,
With every long-drawn tone, the shuddering heart!

CCXXXIII.

And now the bell was hush'd—the lingering sound
Sank slowly into silence, deep and drear;
And the cold weight of stillness so profound
Was more intolerable to her ear
Than the hoarse passing bell, and breathed around
An inexpressible and heavy fear;
An anxious and impatient dread, that heaved
Her heart in throbs, which tortured, not relieved;

CCXXXIV.

For now she knew the grave received its trust.
She seem'd to hear the prayer that sanctifies,
And whispers o'er the relics of the just,
And whilst it yields triumphant death his prize,
Ashes with ashes mix'd, and dust with dust,
Points to the cross of Hope amid the skies,
That, like the night-star o'er the troubled wave,
Sheds a bright beam of glory on the grave.

CCXXXV.

Then backward roved her memory, to gaze
On many a scene wherein her heart had fed
On the sweet honey of those happy days,
When first she smiled consenting on the dead,
And wanton'd in the laughing sun that plays,
In brilliance, around mutual love, and led
The joyous hours along in rosy twine,
Till earth seem'd paradise, and life divine.

CCXXXVI.

Then came the hours when love on love arose,
And her dear children murmur'd on her breast;
Whose weakness roused the tenderness, that glows
So warm and well o'er them it loves the best;
The sweet maternal labour that bestows
The soft, and quiet pleasures of the bless'd,
And the hush'd watchfulness, so still and deep,
That gazes on an infant's rosy sleep.

CCXXXVII.

She thought upon the day when first she smiled,
And placed them in their Father's eager arms,
And how he glanced on her from either child,
And seem'd in them to seek and see *her* charms;
And the caress that follow'd, and beguiled
Her soul, too glad t' anticipate alarms;
Then only living to a Mother's pride,
And the confiding passion of a Bride.

CCXXXVIII.

Then crowded on her many a happy day,
When, leaning on his arm, in bliss profound,
They watch'd, and smiled upon their infants' play,
And kiss'd their lips, and smooth'd the locks that crown'd
Their snowy brows. But that had pass'd away—
And now the gloom of nightfall thicken'd round.
It was too much—she shudder'd to compare
The cloudy Present with a Past so fair.

CCXXXIX.

It was too much. Weary and weak before,
This sorrow, with accelerated power,
Hurried the rapid malady that wore
Her life away, and hasten'd to devour
Her wasting heart. And now yet more and more
She droop'd, and languish'd like a fading flower;
Her strength sank visibly; her panting breath,
Though quick, was heavy with approaching death.

CCXL.

And then, with wandering looks and troubled thought,
She turn'd her weak head and unsettled eye
From face to face, scarce knowing whom she sought.
For sense would oft-times fail, and memory
Would drowse, as with a smile so sorrow-fraught,
That more than tears it touch'd, and a sad sigh
From the heart's depth, she murmuringly would say,
" Why does my husband stay so long away?"

CCXLI.

Then hesitatingly, and slowly waking
To the dark truth that press'd upon her brain—
Then would she burst into a loud heart-breaking
Lament, an agony of tears and pain,
Sobbing, and e'en as in an ague shaking,
Till, by the effort overcome, again
To fitful sleep she sank, o' the sudden shivering
At intervals, her lips or eyelids quivering.

CCXLII.

This could not last. The fits that shook her frame,
The frequent swoonings and the want of rest;
Th' unconquerable grief that nought could tame,
And she too much indulged, too loud express'd,
Soon perfected their work, and overcame
The feeble sufferer, gasping, and oppress'd,
And dying fast. Still, life reviving rose,
As if to bless her children, at its close.

CCXLIII.

This last, worst agony was still to come.
She felt it was, and dreaded it; but, though
She knew that parting hour with them must numb
The fainting springs of life—e'en if 'twere so,
She could not bear to pass away quite dumb
To the last links that bound her yet below—
Those likenesses of her dear lord, and e'en
Look'd eagerly for that heart-breaking scene.

CCXLIV.

She was supported upon pillows, where
She lean'd her heavy head. The darkling room
Was voiceless with the silence of despair.
Beside her flowers were scatter'd, whose perfume
Revived her, whilst they purified the air.
Her friends were gather'd round her in the gloom
Of deep regret, that makes the soul its prey,
When we see youth and beauty pass away.

CCXLV.

Drooping and weak, but patient in decline,
She lay unmurmuring, lovely in decay.
Her snowy neck was shrunk; the blush divine,
The alabaster tint had died away.
Her polish'd bosom, that fair faultless shrine
Of a pure heart, had wasted, and the play
Of spirit, shining o'er each feature, now
Was quench'd, and languish'd on her cold damp brow.

CCXLVI.

Her arms had dwindled piteously, and high
The blue veins, wandering o'er their whiteness, rose.
Yet her thin hands retain'd their symmetry,
Fair as the Ermeline, or Alpine snows.
Her slender fingers, drooping, seem'd to lie
Upon her breast in beautiful repose,
Long and transparent, and the polish'd nail,
So rosy once, scarce tinged, but dull and pale.

CCXLVII.

She had been beautiful: she was so still;
For, though her cheeks were faded, and her face
Was pallid, and its living warmth was chill,
There linger'd yet a melancholy grace
And softness, showing what she had been, till
Disease intruded into beauty's place;
A slight suffusion o'er her brow that run,
Like twilight blushing with the setting sun.

CCXLVIII.

The beauty of expression still was there,
And play'd around her lips, whose faded glow
Was like the sweet carnation, when the air
Of autumn nips it, and it withers slow.
'Twas sweetly pitiful, resign'd, and fair!
And her black tresses, wandering down below
The braid that bound their crisped tendrils boon,
Lay like a cloud across the summer moon.

CCXLIX.

But still her eye was full, though 'twas not bright,
Nor quick, as it had been to wake desire.
Its dark orb floated still in lovely light,
All tenderness and sadness, where the fire
Of health and hope had melted, and the sight
Had left this earth to gaze on something higher.
Yet, when her glance upon her children fell,
It beam'd with language and with love too well.

CCL.

She took them to her heart, and as she took
To her embraces those she loved so dear,
Whilst yet her hands in her deep anguish shook,
She fixed a mingled glance of hope and fear,
A dumb, beseeching, deprecating look,
That linger'd sadly tremulous through a tear,
On Heav'n—a prayerful glance—then faintly smiled,
And sorrowfully gazed on either child.

CCLI.

Resting their smooth cheeks on her pallid face,
Like roses on a drooping lily-flower,
They lay at rest in the well-known embrace.
Oh, who had not wept in that mournful hour,
To watch her dim eyes labour to retrace
Their features through her tears, that like a shower
Fell on them, and her wan cheek flush and glow,
And instantly turn pale again with woe.

CCLII.

Then with convulsive sobs of grief she press'd
Both to her heart, that swell'd their hearts beneath,
And nestled them against her throbbing breast,
And kiss'd their lips, inhaling their sweet breath.
Fainting with love and anguish, she caress'd,
Whom equally with Heav'n she prized in death;
And, whilst she glanced on them, her bursting heart
Shudder'd to think how quickly they must part.

CCLIII.

And still she smother'd them in strict embraces,
And strain'd them to her as she would unite
Body and soul, and on their baby graces
Gazed steadfastly, absorb'd in that sad sight.
Then, never satisfied, their brows, their faces,
Their eyes, their necks she kiss'd with sick delight;
Wreathing her pale hands in their golden tresses,
And breathing out her life in their caresses;

CCLIV.

Sobbing so deep, as every sob would break
The heart it tore with agonizing pain;
Whilst in her throat it choked, and seem'd to shake
Her frame to dissolution. Yet again,
As if indulgence could nor soothe, nor slake
Th' insatiate love that throbb'd in every vein,
On the dear babes she fix'd her lips and face,
And stifled them in one prolong'd embrace.

CCLV.

She spake not, turn'd not, but intently gazed
As she would drink them into her heart's core.
Yet once she brush'd aside the tears that glazed
Her sight, and scalded ere they trickled o'er.
And once a supplicating look she raised
To Heav'n, whose fainting anguish would implore
Some rest, some respite, but, e'en more than rest,
Abundant blessings on the babes she bless'd—

CCLVI.

Bless'd with her dying lips, that scarce obey'd
Her will, but stammering, struggling, and with pain,
In almost inarticulate sounds convey'd
The interrupted prayer, and whispers vain,
That now to choking silence sunk, or made
A violent effort, and, in language plain,
Gush'd forth; in smoth'ring spasms subsided wild;
And swell'd once more, and sobb'd, "My child, my child."

CCLVII.

So sunk her head upon her children, where
She murmur'd in a soft unearthly sound,
As if her disembodying soul were there.
A thrill shot sudden through her friends profound;
A throb of fear, of pity, of despair
Pass'd o'er their hearts. Instinctively around
The bed they throng'd to witness her last breath,
And smooth the struggles of reluctant death.

CCLVIII.

Now, as she shed the burning tears of dole,
The children wept, they knew not why, and wound
Their little arms about her neck, and stole
Sad kisses from her cheeks, and sobb'd profound.
Then anguish struck its arrows to her soul,
And sinking gently, and half turning round,
Upon her eyes' desire she strove to raise
One last, last look of pity and of praise.

CCLIX.

But death was in that look, which seem'd to say,
"Souls of my soul, and must we, must we part?
And must I leave ye thus a helpless prey,
And unprotected to the world's bad art?
What will ye do when I am snatched away?
And how that thought strikes daggers to my heart,
That fatherless I leave ye in your weakness,
To those whose love, compared to mine, is bleakness.

CCLX.

"Who now shall soothe your sorrows on her breast?
Or read your wishes in your angel-eyes?
Or kiss your little troubles into rest?
And smile upon your smiles, and idolize
The lips that fondle her, and build her nest
In the soft bosoms she alone can prize?
Oh! who, when I have left this world of strife,
Would sacrifice for you her heart and life?"

CCLXI.

But they were frighten'd at her eyes o'ercast;
Her features fixing in the rigid chill
Of death; her breast that heaved and sank so fast.
She feebly struggled with that mortal thrill,
And strove, at least, to *feel* them to the last.
It was too much—her broken heart lay still.
One deadly shiver, one convulsive throe,
And she was cold to them and all below.

CCLXII.

But yet a tremulous motion slight—so slight,
It scarce could be detected, seem'd to fly
Across her fingers languidly and light,
Where on her children they lay droopingly,
As if that touch yet stay'd the rapid flight
Of consciousness, there last she seemed to die.
And there, though sight was quench'd, and breath had pass'd,
Life linger'd longest, and departed last.

CCLXIII.

There lay she beautiful in death—her eyes'
Dim light was quench'd, and sunk in dark eclipse.
But still the anguish of her dying sighs
Appeared to quiver on her parted lips,
That gently droop'd in sorrow's sweetest guise.
And, as the dew from evening roses drips,
A tear still slowly linger'd down her cheek,
That spoke, when nature could no longer speak.

CCLXIV.

But still those innocents, who little knew
That death had snatch'd their dearest friend away,
Clung to her bosom. Loud their sorrows grew
When she return'd not the caress, but lay
Deaf to their cries, nor answer'd, nor withdrew
The arms that twined them round, whose heavy clay
Burthen'd their snowy necks, and loosely press'd
Senseless and chill on either throbbing breast.

CCLXV.

And closer still they clasp'd her neck, and caught
Her vesture, when the nurse would disentwine
Their arms, disjoining life and death, and thought
To calm the anguish she would undermine,
By whispering them their mother slept; but nought
Their clamorous grief could soothe them to resign.
At length, compassion tore them from the dead,
Ah! little conscious what a friend had fled!

CCLXVI.

Loud was their grief, but transient, and soon heal'd—
A sudden gale that stirr'd the mountain lake;
A thunder cloud that pass'd across the field,
Exhausted quickly in a fiery break.
They to the joys that health and childhood yield
Reverted keenly, eager to awake
Accustom'd sports and pastimes, and forgot,
In those that were, the pleasures that were not.

CCLXVII.

A little time their full hearts sobb'd; they cried
For the dear mother they should see no more;
They call'd to her, and wept when none replied;
They watch'd in silence at her chamber door,
And crept upon the bed in which she died,
Until forgetfulness arose to pour
Its balm upon their sorrows, and again
They smiled like sunshine after vernal rain.

CCLXVIII.

Sweet is the buoyancy of childhood, sweet
Its heedlessness that never dwells on pain,
Nor, as maturer sufferers, flies to meet
Misfortune, nor reflects on it again,
But always in its fitful feelings fleet,
And careless to conceal, or to restrain
Its little passions, weeps or laughs meanwhile—
Its tears for ever brightening to a smile.

CCLXIX.

And hark! The funeral bell! and now again,
Fancy, aroused by that deep solemn call,
Beholds the Hearse, and Pall, and mournful train,
And up the churchway-path pursues them all;
Hears the choked sob, sees the tear shed in vain,
And listens to the clods that dully fall
On the lower'd coffin, till the bell is o'er,
That now for her shall peal and knell no more.

CCLXX.

Oh! Death, how terrible art thou! and how
Thou wring'st the spirit from her resting-place,
Quenching the light of life upon the brow,
And crushing all expression from the face!
The eye that laugh'd, and spoke, and thought, is now
Dull and unconscious; whilst thy fingers trace
The first faint lines of cold corruption, where
Heaven's brightness had been glass'd till thou came there.

CCLXXI.

Oh! what a change from all the quick and fine,
The animating grace of fire and thought,
Where hope would kindle, and where love would shine,
Where all was living, all with language fraught,
And mortal beauty brighten'd to divine!
Oh! what a change! How soon and rudely wrought!
Oh! what a shadow o'er the sunshine spread!
What shade, what silence settled there instead!

CCLXXII.

In all too plainly seen, how strongly seen
In youth, in woman, and in loveliness!
There the dim contrast most will intervene,
Where life and death seem'd distant—where the tress
Still floated in luxuriance—where the mien
Retain'd its smiles and bloom, the rosy dress
Of Health and Hope, and whilst the laughing eye
Swam in its fulness, fire, and brilliancy.

CCLXXIII.

There thou art doubly seen, and deeply felt.
Thy silence is more awful, and more chill.
And she this moment that could glow, or melt,
Is now a shape all uninspired with will:
Cold even to the blow that thou hast dealt:
Voiceless and dull, insensible and still.
Affection, passion, love, hope, all forgot.
They were this moment, and the next are not.

CCLXXIV.

"Oh! Death, how stern and terrible thou art!"
The man, anticipating anguish, cries,
"Tearing the last loved, best beloved, apart."
"Oh! Death!" the Christian, full of faith, replies—
"How soothingly thou fall'st upon the heart,
Shedding the sweetest slumber on the eyes;
Healing the bitter pangs this world hath giv'n,
And gently stealing us from earth to heav'n."

CCLXXV.

Not as that gaunt, revolting shadow blind
Thou com'st, that Superstition wont to trace,
Inflicting vengeance, fierce to bruise and bind;
But as an angel, with a smiling face,
Sweetly compassionate, and brightly kind;
And with a soft, encouraging embrace,
To cheer, and lead us through the gloom that lies
Between this world andthat above the skies.

CCLXXVI.

Not the grim messenger of wrath, to wring
Life from the spirit savagely; but mild,
With Heaven's own precious healing on thy wing,
As a fond mother to her darling child,
That to its little sufferings would bring
Comfort and instant ease, until, beguiled,
It sinks to sleep and silence on her breast,
Fit Herald of the Lord who loves us best.

CCLXXVII.

Saviour and Lord, so let thy Herald be
In my last hour to me, displaying Heav'n,
And guiding every glance and thought to thee.
I would not from the earth be rudely riv'n
In terror; but withdrawn confidingly,
Calmly, and conscious of my sins forgiv'n
For thy sake—glad, and glorying in my death;
And thy dear name upon my latest breath.

THE CAVALIER.

'Twas a proud Cavalier that, released from the tomb,
Came to visit the home of his Fathers once more;
That he left in its strength, and its pride, and its bloom,
Ere the reign of his mild martyr'd monarch was o'er.
And he leap'd full of joy from the grave where he slept,
And eager his house and his hearth to recall;
And to witness the state his posterity kept
In the broad lands around their Baronial Hall.

But two centuries now had elapsed since they bore him
To the tomb of his ancestors, scutcheon'd and crown'd;
And raised the tall marble and monument o'er him,
And scatter'd the bust and the epitaph round.
And he little suspected the changes, the sore
And the sorrowful changes that Time, in his range
Through the world, had, since that day, recorded in gore;
And what havoc and anguish attended each change.

But he came to the place where his home had once been,
With its gatehouse, and gardens, and turrets, and towers,
And yew hedges, and terrace commanding the scene,
And its deer-park, and loud clock repeating the hours,
And beheld—what beheld he?—Nor building, nor bower,
Nor huntsman, nor porter, nor manciple there:
Not a deer, not a dog, not a fountain nor flower,
But all silent and lonely, neglected and bare.

Where the park with its oaks and its avenues stood;
Where the house with its oriels and chimneys had been;
Where the gardens had blossom'd, and budded the wood,
And the bower and the bowling-green spread out between;
Where the stag was enlarged, or the brocket was slain,
And the hawk and the heron had soar'd out of sight;
Where the Earl had fared forth at daybreak with his train,
And the Countess continued her revels all night;

All was silence and solitude, strange and unknown.
'Twas a long levell'd field, where the furrow appear'd.
Not a fragment remain'd—not a stick, not a stone,
To point out the spot where the hall had been rear'd.
E'en the trees had been fell'd, and the roads were plough'd o'er.
Not a sign of a dwelling was left, not a trace.
And, of all the gay crowds that had met there before,
There was none but a boor to give life to the place.

Shock'd and stunn'd at the change, the distress'd Cavalier
Stood mute; till, at length, in his anguish he cried—
"My manhood and infancy ne'er were pass'd here!
This can ne'er be the home where my forefathers died!
For of all so familiar and common to me,
I recognise nothing wherever I roam:
Not a path, not a hedge, not a post, not a tree,
To remind me that here was my house and my home."

Yet it *was* the same place, though the change was so great
That its lord was a stranger amid his domain,
Where his high race so long had maintain'd their proud state;
But where none of his lineage should e'er rule again.
Not a scion was left of his stock to display
His bearings and blazonry, quarterings and crest.
E'en his name, so far-famed, had, at length, passed away;
And he sigh'd "Let me back to the place of my rest."

And he sigh'd "Oh! world, world, is this all thou canst give?
Is the stem I had deem'd so deep-rooted o'erthrown?
Is my very name dead to the peasants that live?
And my Hall—e'en its ruins dispersed and unknown?
Then farewell to my pride; for if this may be so,
It were best in the grave undisturb'd to remain,
Than wander forgotten where hundreds should know—
And so let me return to my silence again."

And how often, alas! like the sad Cavalier,
We, too, would revisit the dearly-loved home
Of our youth, time and trials but render more dear,
And fond memory recals, howe'er devious we roam;
How we turn to those scenes where the unperturb'd hours
Of our childhood so sweetly and quietly run—
As some smooth water gently glides onward through flowers—
And we grew, as the ripening peach grows in the sun.

How we long to revisit the spot, that, so bright
And so beautiful, Fancy, o'er Memory shining,
Portrays: and expect to find all its delight,
All its freshness and loveliness still round it twining.
But we come—and how changed! for the Stranger hath been
To alter, to lop, to remodel, to raze.
The tall lime in the lawn is cut down, and the scene—
Oh! how changed from the scene of those sunshiny days!

And e'en if the place may no difference declare,
And the trees and the buildings that sheltered the child
Be the same—here the dovecote, the summer-house there—
Ah! where are the kind eyes and dear lips that smiled?
"The friends of my youth, oh! where are they?" we cry;
And Echo still answers "Where are they?" in vain;
Till, saddening, we turn from the sight with a sigh
Of regret, and go back to our silence again.

How should it be otherwise? 'T is not the place
That hath aught in itself, be it lovely or wild.
'T is because it reflects back a beautiful face,
Or returns the dear voice of a parent or child.
'T is because though they 're lost, that their shadows rest there,
That we still seek the spot, though 't were best to refrain.
For each object too mournfully murmurs "They were,"
And we sadly turn back to our silence again.

TO AN EARLY BLUEBOTTLE.

THERE are that hate your noisy hum,
And vex'd, and fretted when you come,
Destroy you with remorseless thumb,
Bluebottle.

But for my part, so do not I.
Though buzzing round my head you fly
Booming, I welcome you. And why?
Bluebottle.

Marry! because there 's in your noise
To me a cheerful, cheering voice,
That seems to say revive, rejoice—
Bluebottle.

That speaks of the delicious May,
And the long shining summer day;
Blue skies, and flowers, and leaves, and play,
Bluebottle.

And twilight through the live-long night;
And early sunrise pure and bright;
And earth one green scene of delight;
Bluebottle.

And many a sweet and rural stroll
By river's side, through copse and knoll—
By quiet bay, or fretting shoal,
Bluebottle.

And mountains climb'd with footsteps slow,
Till the rich prospect bursts below,
Burnished with sunset's yellow glow;
Bluebottle.

And angry torrents visited,
That chafe and foam awhile, and spread
Wearied, and slumber in their bed.
Bluebottle.

And the light-hearted laugh and jest,
And welcome toil, and happy rest
At mid-day in some peasant's nest—
Bluebottle.

And many an unknown spot explored,
Scenes of the cowl, the cross, the sword;
And the cool shade, and festive board—
Bluebottle.

Poor viands made by hunger sweet,
Brown bread, new milk, a grassy seat,
And a rill tinkling at one's feet—
Bluebottle.

And dear companionship of friends,
Or one with whom begins and ends
All hope, save that which heavenward tends—
Bluebottle.

Poor insect, while your noisy flight
Can raise such visions of delight,
Of joyous holidays and bright,
Bluebottle.

Buzz as you list, and fearless come.
Your head is sacred from my thumb;
Eke its appurtenance your—(*Hiatus maximus valde deflendus*).
Bluebottle.

But warn'd of one thing, take good care.
Blow not my meat—blow not.—Beware—
Or thou shalt die the death, I swear,
Bluebottle.

TO MEMORY.

Oh! Memory, thou 'rt always surrounded with sadness.
A tear or a sigh 's thy companion for ever.
Thou 'rt sorrowful even recording our gladness;
And retracing our woes, thou 'rt compassionate never.
There 's regret in thy smile that is mournfully sweet;
There is heart-breaking anguish and pain in thy weeping.
And th' afflictions that would, wert thou absent, retreat,
Remain bitterly wringing the soul in thy keeping.

Oh! why wert thou given to perpetuate sorrow?
To recal the fair pleasures long vanished away?
From the years that are gone still too busy to borrow
Some sharp thorn to wreathe with the flowers of to-day?
Thy employment is still to remind the complaining
Of love unrequited, hopes cross'd, or o'ercast;
And to deepen the cold lengthening shadows remaining;
To throw o'er the present the pangs of the past.

LINES.

Since thou art gone long months have pass'd,
And still, alas! I seem
To think thou wilt return at last:
And still thy death 's a dream.
Yet wherefore should I deem it strange
That one in whom the leaven
Of this world never was, should change
This sordid earth for heaven.

Why should I deem it strange that death
Should pass o'er such as thou?
Or that an early crown of faith
Should garland thy young brow?
Rather 't were strange if here, unbless'd,
Thou hadst sustained the rod.
God takes them first whom he loves best:
And thou wast prized of God.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, my dear country—my country, farewell.
Sweet scenes of my childhood, glen, mountain, and dell,
I leave ye, I leave ye for ever, and part
From the land of my fathers, the home of my heart.
From the tombs of my sires, and the church where they
pray'd,
Where the waters of Heaven were dropp'd on my head;
From the trees so well known, and the fallow and plough,
And the vale whose mere dust is so dear to me now—
Fare ye well, lake and torrent, brae, woodland and burn—
We shall never—shall never—ah! never return!

To the land of the stranger, beyond the wild wave,
I wander to find me a desolate grave.
To the land of the stranger, unbless'd and unkind,
Unlink'd with remembrance or hope in my mind.
To the cold friendless spot where, unloved and unknown,
I shall languish unpitied, and labour alone,
With not e'en a mark to recal, as I roam,
One thought of my country, some resemblance of home!
Fare ye well, lake and torrent, brae, woodland and burn—
We shall never—shall never—ah! never return!

How sad is the exile's harsh fate, pluck'd away
From his dear fatherland where he yearns still to stay;
From all that is loved, or is lovely and bright;
All that glows round his heart; all that comforts his sight.
Scenes from childhood familiar to soul and to eye;
Smiling faces, kind friends—it were better to die.
It were better to die than to cross the salt foam,
And leave, heartless and hopeless, his dear native home!
Fare ye well, lake and torrent, brae, woodland and burn—
We shall never—shall never—ah! never return!

But poverty wrings us from Scotland, and tears
Our feet from the land of our love and our prayers;
From the warm cheerful ingle that blazed when the snow
Lay white on the hills and the valleys below;
From the fresh summer fountain, the green leafy shade;
From the land of the tartan, the claymore, and plaid;
From the hearths of the fair, the kind-hearted, and brave;
And casts us, reluctant and sad, on the wave!
Fare ye well, lake and torrent, brae, woodland and burn—
We shall never—shall never—ah! never return!

But hark! to the signal, and see! o'er the side
Of the vessel the pendant floats proudly and wide.
The boat 's on the beach, and the captain 's on shore—
Sweet sounds of the pibroch I shall hear ye no more.
Adieu, friends and neighbours—oh! yet let us kneel,
And kiss the dear land, and weep one last farewell.

Farewell once again, fare thee well, blessed shore—
We are torn from thy bosom—we shall see thee no more!
Oh! farewell, lake and torrent, brae, woodland and burn—
We shall never—ah! never—no never return!

LINES.

Like the light bird of summer, ever
  Spreading her wandering wing to stray,
Our good resolves are quick to sever,
  Eager to part and speed away.
Attracted by the truth, a minute
  They fix—as on her nest on high,
The swallow, fondly glancing in it,
  Then shoots again into the sky.

THE FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'T was the first rose of summer, the brightest and best.
'T was the first rose of summer she wreath'd in my breast,
Heaven-scented, the fairest as first of its kind,
And rich with the promise of others behind.
"And, sweet girl," I exclaim'd, "as this flower and the stem
Thus grow out of each other, be our hearts like them.
May thine like the blossom its fragrance impart;
And mine like the stalk bear that beautiful heart.

"And oh! in the hour—for there will come an hour,
To scatter the leaves of this delicate flower—
When the stem must its redolent burthen resign—
Ere that hour comes to sever thy dear heart from mine—
As the rose by some soft-handed virgin is taken,
Its stalk undecay'd, and its blossom unshaken—
May we, stem and blossom, be plucked in one even,
By the finger of God, for the garland of heaven."

LINES.

The letters of an absent friend
Are like the scent of hidden flowers;
Unseen, their fragrant breath they send:
The sweetness of their soul is ours.
'T is thus long-left, and far away,
Friendship or love will strive t' impart
The fervour words can scarce convey—
And o'er the paper pour their heart.

Unseen, the fragrance and the glow
That warm'd their spirit as they wrote,
Through each expression seem to flow,
And steal from heart to heart remote.
Oh! how delightful 't is to trace
The blessings absent friendship show'rs!
Its spirit floats around the place,
Like the sweet scent of hidden flow'rs.

LINES.

THE setting sun how bright and slow
It sinks, as with a parting smile,
And leaves that light and lovely glow
To linger on the wave awhile.
It is sweet sadness to pursue
The dipping orb's descending pride,
And watch the soft and roseate hue
Melt gently from the darkling tide.

'T is sadly sweet to watch the eyes
That shine upon us as we part;
Whose light upon a tear-drop lies,
And glows up melting from the heart.
Oh! what moist radiance seems to dwell
In the kind orb with setting ray;
As silently it bids farewell,
And sorrowfully turns away.

LINES.

I WILL not say that thou art dead—
In thee too much o' the angel lay;
It could not be so grossly shed—
Thou didst not die, thou pass'd away.
Thou didst but gently shake apart
The heavenly from the earthly leav'n,
That was just scatter'd o'er thy heart,
And it was bright and pure for heaven.

When the gay, vivid, glossy plumes
Fall from the bird of paradise,
How soon her gorgeous neck resumes
Its pride, and glitters to the eyes.
So when the glory left thy brow,
Lovely for lovelier was but given.
Thou wast earth's brightest—thou art now
Magnificently bright in heaven.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING A YOUNG LADY SING "THE LITTLE PLOUGHBOY."

Bless'd be those lips and their soft art,
That sweetly overcome
My sorrows, and lead back my heart
To infancy and home.
And bless'd be that beloved air,
So intimately known;
That breathes of scenes and things so fair,
And hours so long since flown.

It is the very air and song
That oft mine ear beguiled,
Wherewith, if slumber linger'd long,
My Mother lull'd her child.
And I can never hear it now,
But instantly arise
The place, the lute, that anxious brow,
And those maternal eyes.

There sat she in a summer's ev'n;
And whilst the lovely star,
Soft as herself, was bright in Heav'n,
She touch'd her light guitar.
And still she touch'd the chords, and still
Her face turn'd to me, rosed
With a glad mother's glow, until
My heavy eyelids closed.

And still upon that watchful face,
And the dear hand that raised
The melting music through the place,
Delightedly I gazed.
And still the sounds I sought to hear,
Till sleep had o'er me pass'd;
And gently dying on mine ear,
The music sunk at last.

And now—for since then years have run
Their course, how sad and lonely—
Of many an air I know but one,
The Little Ploughboy only.
But that, whenever heard, beguiles
My heart to Home afar,
Where still my Mother sits and smiles,
And wakes her light guitar.

LINES.

How sweetly sorrow or regret
  On Beauty's face appears,
When comfort, half a stranger, yet
  Smiles gently through her tears.
'T is like the weak and watery light
  That on an April day
Shines through the shower, serene though slight,
  And promises fair May.

TO TIME.

Oh, Time, Time, how thou glid'st away,
  Year after year unseen,
Unmark'd, until, as we decay,
  We find that thou hast been.
Not till we see thy fruits and flowers,
  Some dropp'd, and withering some—
Do we compare the by-gone hours
  Of life, with hours to come.

Then, with the greater portion past,
  We think of what shall be;
When a long life contracts, at last,
  To a brief memory.
Then with the Past and Future too,
  The Present learns to cope:
That by Remembrance kept in view;
  And this discern'd by Hope.

Alas! could we be earlier wise,
And as Time speeds away,
His rapid footsteps watch and prize,
And still improve to-day!
'T is sad when our converging years,
As in a focus placed,
In memory seem to meet through tears—
Too late to find the waste.

'T is sad to think on what hath been,
Lost in the distance far:
Gone, like the pearl th' Egyptian Queen
Dissolved in vinegar.
Oh! how we blame the careless pride
That let those years elope;
And from Remembrance turn aside
Sadly, to look for Hope.

LINES.

I LOVE in Summer-time's sun-showers
To wander by the river's side,
That some tall elm-tree overbowers,
And watch them passing o'er the tide.
Each drop its little eddy makes,
As it falls dimpling in the river,
Kissing the surface it scarcé wakes:
Then, with its circlet, melts for ever.

How like the petty poor vexations,
That, with a momentary smart
That stirs, and scarcely stirs, the patience,
Pass often o'er the human heart!
Each, as 't is lightly dropping o'er it,
Just tingles on the pulse, but ne'er,
As Hope still sheds her sun before it,
Leaves aught like an impression there.

MA COLLEEN DTHAS CROOTHEEN NAMBOE*.

My heart 's with the days that shall never
Return to enliven me more—
But I thought they would shine on for ever,
Nor dream'd they so soon would pass o'er.
Oh, how sweet it was then to stand gazing
On the meads where the blue waters flow,
And behold the kine quietly grazing,
And Ma Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

How brightly the sunshine gleam'd o'er her!
But, methought, 't was less bright than her eye,
That shed brilliance and pleasure before her,
And pour'd life upon all that pass'd by.
She sang, for her heart was all lightness,
And her cheek was the rose in its glow,
And I felt nought could equal the brightness
Of Ma Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

* My pretty girl milking her cow.

There was none but delighted to hear her;
None but bless'd her—so gentle, so fair—
With a kind smile for all that came near her,
And a soft word for ever to spare.
The very kine hasten'd to meet her
To be milk'd, with a gratified low.
'T was a sweet sight. Ah, none could be sweeter
Than Ma Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

Oh, had I been suffer'd to cherish,
And fondly watch o'er my young bride—
But ere winter, when all fair things perish,
She droop'd, she was death-struck, she died.
And now, nor the mead nor the river,
That once pleased me, can pleasure bestow
Where I vainly gaze round, and shall ever,
For Ma Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

ON A DROP OF INK.

How strange is all we do and think:
  How strange is Life in every part.
Who would suppose a drop of Ink
  Could e'er perpetuate the heart?
And yet the heart dissolves to thought:
  Thoughts with expressions love to link.
And words are, joy or folly-fraught,
  Immortal in a drop of Ink!

Th' expansive hope, the sense all-seeing,
  Fear, feeling, love, and passion sink
(Those glittering bubbles of our being),
  Or swim in one small drop of Ink.
That sunbeam, Shakspeare's heart, the flame
  Of Homer's soul, to this could shrink,
And Petrarch's love, and Milton's fame,
  Float downwards on a drop of Ink.

Worth, genius, inspiration, thought—
All that o'erflows the bright heart's brink,
Die with us, unless they be caught,
And mingled with a drop of Ink.
Thus, like the shining insect chain'd
In th' amber dew it came to drink,
Hearts shall remain, and have remain'd,
Preserved in one small drop of Ink.

TO-MORROW.

When disappointment, care, or sorrow
  Upon the heart like lightning fall,
How fondly we look on to-morrow—
  As if to-morrow would cure all.

It comes—but yet the deep-ploughed furrow
  Still lingers there—the pangs delay.
Once more we vainly trust to-morrow
  Will heal the scars of yesterday.

Yet still deceived, still hope we borrow
  From that whose vanity we know:
Providing nothing for the morrow,
  Though nought the morrow can bestow.

Deluded long my whole life thorough;
  Though late, let reason wake at last.
Too cautious now to trust to-morrow:
  Well-taught by many a morrow past.

But future weal from present sorrow
Let me extract, contrite, forgiv'n;
Treasuring to-day as if to-morrow
Should never come, or come in Heav'n.

TO A QUAKERESS.

Thou art so unpretending dress'd;
So pure, so spotless is thy vest,
  Methinks thy laundress, lovely Quaker,
Is Cleanliness of neatest glance;
Thy handmaid, simple Elegance;
  And Modesty thy mantua-maker.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Thou twittering, glancing, wanton Swallow—
Through the sunshine what glittering treasure
Do thy delighted pinions follow,
Thou harbinger of spring and pleasure?
Thy fleet wings dart thee o'er the sallow,
With notes of joy upon thy tongue:
Or lightly brush the sparkling shallow:
Or bear thee to thy darling young.

Now, sporting with thy glad yoke-fellow,
Thou soar'st beyond the sight away:
Now, where the beams of Morn lie yellow
On the tree-tops, I see thee play.
And when the sun sinks in the billow,
Thou happy Bird, thou wilt depart,
Drowsy with merriment, to pillow
Thy head where thou hast stored thy heart.

Alas! although thy life be narrow,
'T is long enough since 't is all joy.
And Fortune bless thee from the arrow,
And hand that would that mirth destroy!
Though here one day and gone to-morrow,
Where'er thou art, thou 'rt full of glee.
Thy spirit is too light for sorrow:
The weight of that thou leav'st to me.

LOVE.

With a light frown upon his brow,
And pouting lips, and trailing dart,
"I want some other plaything now"—
Love whimpered—"Let me have your heart."
He kiss'd my mouth, and stroked my cheek,
And round my neck his soft arms stole,
Shading me with his tresses sleek;
Until he crept into my soul.

So conquer'd by his baby art,
Charm'd with his childish wilfulness,
Alas! I gave him up my heart:
He took it with a warm caress.
Then leaping from my arms, the boy,
As he survey'd it o'er and o'er,
Cried laughing, "Here 's a pretty toy!
But you must never have it more."

At first with tenderness he play'd,
And treasured it with anxious pride.
His baby fondness soon decay'd:
'T was slighted next, then cast aside.
I stoop'd to pick it from the ground—
"No, no," said he, "not thus we part;
The plaything 's mine." And, with a bound,
He trampled rudely on my heart.

THE TWO DOVES.

"subito commota columba
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
Fertur in arva volans."

VIRG. ÆNEID, v. 213.

SEQUESTER'D in the coolness of a wood—
In that luxurious kind of solitude
Where loneliness is not, or never felt;
Nor the waste feelings of the heart that melt
In vain, t' exhale like dew upon a weed,
Whilst the pined soul is desolate indeed—
But where retirement, always calm and holy,
With its serene delicious melancholy,
And the pure rest no angry passions shake,
Floats on the heart like swans upon the lake;
'Mid the green foliage of an ancient beech,
Two turtle-doves, each all the world to each,
Had built their nest, and hung their bridal bower.
And still—when Hesper led the morning hour,
Or the bright sun was shining at his noon,
Or the fair handmaid of the rising moon

Walk'd unaccompanied along the sky,
Like a young bride with dewy, downcast eye—
Still the soft voice of either faithful dove
In broken murmurs said, "I love, I love."
Still he awoke the echoes of the wood,
"Life of my heart, how sweet is solitude!"
And still from mossy bank, or leafy tree,
She answer'd, "Solitude is sweet with thee."
Alas! how is it in this wayward life,
The very wantonness of bliss brings strife?
And they whose wishes are in all things bless'd,
At last grow weary of the purest rest?
Is it that a corrupted heart defiles
The very balm that would restore its smiles,
And, bearing poison in itself, can ne'er
Wring from its veins the burning juice of care?
But so it is with birds as well as men:
'Let me but satisfy this wish,' and then—
'Oh! if I could but have this one desire,
This only one, what more could I require?'
He has it. Ere the joy of conquest 's o'er,
He longs for one thing—only one thing more.
Thus still neglecting what he has, and hot,
Fretful, and restless for what he has not,
The sleepless friction of hope, fear, or doubt
Wears the full heart away, till it wears out;
And Death, his wishes and his toils to close,
Digs the dark grave in which he *must* repose.

Yet the fond wretch at times can moralize;
Like me, on paper seem uncommon wise.
And still, like me, in long pursuits waste youth—
'T is an odd world, my masters, that 's the truth!
What art thou, Pleasure? The delighted dove,
Bless'd with retirement, leisure, mutual love;
Yet felt th' unconquerable wish to roam,
And saw the mist descend on happy Home.
But how to break th' intention to his mate?
"If she should weep—perchance be obstinate!
If Jealousy should enter in her heart!
'T were better stay, or secretly depart.
But then her fears! She might expire with terror!
How bitterly should I lament my error!
I 'll tell her carelessly, as time allows."
So, with a careless smile upon his brows,
He said, one day—"Well, this is charming weather,
I wish that we could take a jaunt together;
But since that must not be, dear love, for fear
The summer smile should melt into a tear,
I 'd better take advantage of the season;
A lovelier time one can't expect in reason.
It seems, upon my conscience—to be sure—
As if 't were made on purpose for my tour.
How pleasantly a week will slip away!
And now all nature is alive and gay.
The skies are blue—to smiles the waves are curl'd—
And then 't is quite as well to see the world."

When Husbands to their listening Wives impart
A wish they 're anxious should not wound their heart,
Fearing their soft reproaches, to console
And soothe, they always use the rigmarole.
But she replied, "Alas! what wouldst thou do?
Ah! wouldst thou leave me?—at this season too?
Than absence what can be a deeper woe?
But I alone shall feel it. Thou wilt go
Wandering from field to field, from wood to wood;
But who shall comfort me in solitude?
Oh! what shall soothe my loneliness and me?
My dreams will all be full of fears for thee.
Whene'er I see a hawk or kite above,
How shall I tremble for my absent love!
How will my fancy represent thee still,
Wearied, a-hungry, hurt perchance, or ill.
And when, at evening, I attempt to rest,
How shall I think, oh! where finds he a nest?
And whilst, from habit, I shall coo good night
To one who is far distant from my sight,
And see the place where thou wert wont to sleep,
How shall I turn aside my head to weep!"
Be sure these sweet reproaches pierced his heart:
But yet he felt determined to depart,
And "weep not, love," replied, "nor fret for me.
I cannot linger long away from thee:
A week, or less, will more than satisfy
My curious wish to see a foreign sky.

Then turning homewards with an eager wing.
And more desirous, after wandering,
To visit thee, and this retirement bless'd,
How shall I drop delighted in my nest!
Home will appear yet happier than before;
And for that short secession please the more.
He that secludes himself, and ne'er goes out,
Will want, at last, a theme to talk about."
"Has that been so with us?" she murmur'd. "Nay,
It has not been, but still, you know, it may.
At all events, 't will be variety
For you to hear the wonders I shall see.
How shall we talk down many a summer's sun,
And still the tale shall be again begun.
Whilst I shall ever be untired to tell,
And you to hear a tale that runs so well.
'*There*,' I shall say, 'when wandering, I have been'—
And then describe the beauties of the scene—
'From that calm lake I drank; and in that field
I feasted; in that elm I lay conceal'd:
Such and such things befel me, and although
I deem'd them fretful, now I think not so.'
E'en dangers then, if dangers should befall,
In rest 't will be delightful to recall:
Whilst thou shalt feel deep interest in them all;
Nay, fancy thou wast there, till what to me
Was good or ill, is good or ill to thee."
He said, and lest her tears should overthrow
His resolution, plumed his wings to go;

Kiss'd her, consoled her, bade farewell full-hearted,
Nay, shed a tear himself, and so departed.
But mark the sequel. Self-will seldom thrives.
Hear this all ye who disobey your wives!
Short was his absence, and yet long before
'T was pass'd, he found good reason to deplore.
And oft he wish'd amid the toil and strife,
"Oh that I had but listen'd to my wife!"
The rain, the hail upon his plumage beat.
He found no shelter from the mid-day heat.
The net enthrall'd him now, and now the Kite,
The Hawk, the Vulture, stopp'd his homeward flight.
And last a Schoolboy, worse than hail, or rain,
Or Kite, or Hawk, or all the feather'd train,
Aim'd a huge pebble at him where he stray'd,
And dried his ruffled plumage in the shade.
Then trailing his bruis'd leg and wounded wing,
Half dead with thirst, and fear, and suffering,
Fluttering and limping, to his quiet wood
He went, and gain'd, at length, his solitude.
There his loved helpmate while she sooth'd his woe,
Yet gently murmur'd—"Love, I told you so!
I guess'd, alas! I guess'd how it would be!
Indeed you should have listen'd, love, to me."

LINES.

The centre of gravity sometimes o'erthrown,
One's solemnity—all that one has upon earth—
Comes toppling down headlong and flat like a stone,
And dashes amid the bright waters of mirth.
Thence it strews such a sweet and a sunshiny shower
Of laughter all over the lips and the heart,
Saturating them both, that we laugh by the hour—
Till those dewdrops of joy are exhaled, and depart.

Alas! how delightfully Time glides away,
When the spirit resigns itself wholly to pleasure—
To that unconstrain'd merriment, thoughtless and gay,
That bounds in the pulse scarce with motive or measure.
Like the Nard's precious balm it anoints the light soul,
And cools and refreshes the scarr'd wounds of sorrow,
Till gladness luxuriates beyond all control,
And the bosom is sparkling and bright—till to-morrow.

MISTHER O'DOWD.

Och, hone! then, I ne'er can forget him,
The cratur, ould Misther O'Dowd,
Who 'd have carried me off, would I let him,
But, troth, he was never allow'd.
Sure, he swore he was dying widout me—
And he 'd lived long enough to do so.
But he always was sighing about me,
Ma Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

His words were so gay and so clever,
They would blister and burn on the fire.
But the lips they came over were never
The lips, then, that I could admire.
And, musha, the fine things they towld!
I was young, I was purty, you know.
But, agra, 't was himself that was ould!
Wid his Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

It was he that would watch and purshue me,
When I went to the field wid my pail.
All the time I was milking he 'd woo me;
And all the way home he 'd bewail.
He said I was cruel. He vow'd
That my pockets wid gold should o'erflow,
If I would but be Misthress O'Dowd—
And his Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

But to have a stale man for a lover,
Sure it never came into my brain,
Though he sigh'd he was quite kilt all over,
By my hard-hearted pride and disdain.
Did he think that my heart could be bow'd
By his bother, like trees by the snow?
Och! be aisy, then, Misther O'Dowd—
Wid yer Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

So the more that he blather'd of marriage,
The more I kept milking my cow;
Or said—for I would not disparage—
Sure, it is not convanient just now.
If it 's marriage you mane, I 'd be proud—
But, Moryagh! I was quizzing, you know.
Och, get out o' that, Misther O'Dowd,
Wid yer Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

Did that old piece of bogwood discover
Anything in my heart that would hold
Such a lame, lean, lank, leather-faced lover,
That he pestered me thus wid his gold?
Did he think that I had in the crowd,
Ne'er a bachelor, that he talked so?
Bad cess to ye, Misther O'Dowd,
Wid yer Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

But at last he almost made me crazy,
When I still refused him and his pelf.
So says I to him, "Arrah, be aisy,
And get a wife ould as yerself.
Go, and trot after Grandmother Judy,
Though, faix, e'en my granny would know
A dried Haake from a fine fresh Puldoody!
Wid yer Colleen dthas crootheen namboe."

Wid that he look'd at me as sour—
And bother'd and blather'd so loud—
And tunder-and-turf'd by the hour!
Divil's cure to ye, Misther O'Dowd.
Now wasn't he a sweet youth to woo me?
But, sure, wheresoe'er *he* may go,
There 's another I 'd wish to sing to me,
Ma Colleen dthas crootheen namboe.

LINES.

I LOVE to wander through the Wood,
  Listening the babble and the brawl
The brooklet, in its petulant mood,
  Utters impatiently to all;
Scolding its banks, the pebbles chiding,
  And dipping branch that overbowers—
Clamorous, and querulously gliding,
  And scuffling with the very flowers.

Yet it is flowing in the sun!
  Yet are its waters fresh and free!
But 't is like many a prosperous one,
  That chides with his prosperity.
Peevish, unsatisfied, unkind—
  Showing that happiness was ne'er
In outward things, but in the mind;
  And all our blessings centred there.

LINES.

In Infancy, how lovely fair
The page of Mem'ry lies.
There 's not a blemish to impair
Its lustre to our eyes.
Some delicate records, short and slight,
Of joys scarce pass'd away;
Some pretty picture of delight;
Some sketch of yesterday.

As Boyhood, and as Youth unfold,
Love, Pleasure, Hope divine,
All traced in characters of gold,
Upon its surface shine.
Yet inattention seems to fling
Some few spots, faint and rare,
Scarce noticed, and just tarnishing
A letter here and there.

But as stern Manhood ripens fast,
  Darker the page appears,
With sad memorials of the past,
  Half blotted out with tears.
Records, as with a trembling hand,
  And throbbing bosom traced,
Of disappointed love expand—
  Joys lost, or hopes misplaced.

Till, as age falls upon the heart,
  That bright page, once so gay,
Too thickly writ on every part,
  And stain'd, and worn away,
Shows little of th' attractive hue,
  The snowy whiteness pure,
That shone on it when it was new—
  But how should they endure?

Each year hath from its brilliance caught
  Something of sweet and fair:
Each year hath its affliction brought,
  For Sorrow to note there.
And still the sad memorial grows,
  As the bright tints decay,
Till Death a glance across it throws,
  And tears it quite away.

LINES.

Listen how that summer shower
Falls lightly pattering on the tree,
And with the green leaves of the bower
Dances to its own minstrelsy.
There is a cool refreshing sound,
Whene'er the dripping foliage shakes,
In every little leap and bound
Each gay and prattling droplet makes.

Hark, how from leaf to leaf they run,
Dallying with each; and as they fall,
Glittering and laughing in the sun,
See how they leave a kiss with all.
Whilst every happy bud and bloom
Delightedly their charms renew,
And breathe rich odours and perfume,
T' attract those flattering drops of dew.

'T is sweet i' the sultry hours to see
The sparkling sun-shower lightly rise,
Bathing the tinkling leaves o' the tree,
And scattering freshness as it flies.
'T is like the rest the spirit borrows,
The gladness lips we love impart,
When smiling on our little sorrows,
They gently wash them from the heart.

LINES.

THERE 's something in the stilly night,
  When silence sleeps in earth and sky,
And all that 's dark, and all that 's bright,
  Is dumb below, is mute on high,
That hath a sweeter tongue to me
  Than all the sweetest things of day;
And in its voiceless harmony
  Utters far lovelier things than they.

The songs of morn are to the ear:
  Earth 's in the best that they impart.
But in the solemn silence here,
  Heav'n sinks, and settles round the heart.
The saintliest sound the day bestows,
  The softest breath from sea or sod,
Hath something mortal in its close:
  The stillness here is all from God.

LINES.

Poor Mary, Time, methought, would pass
O'er thee as over flowers;
And in the sunshine hold the glass
That measured thy glad hours.

And then, methought, so mild and meek
Would move his silken plume,
'T would only fan thy lovely cheek
Into a fresher bloom.

But, oh! how fondly I relied
That Time would gentle be—
Who threw the glass so soon aside,
To whet his scythe for thee.

ON AN INFANT.

HERE sleeps one whose set and rise
Was a sun-glint in our eyes.
Scarcely lent to us awhile;
Only long enough to smile;
Then recall'd in haste, for fear
She should ever shed a tear.
Just sufficient time was giv'n
To see Earth, and speed to Heav'n.

LINES.

THE world is harsh on every side,
And ever waking to dispute.
The lip of Scorn, the eye of Pride,
The tongue of Malice ne'er lie mute.
There 's no forbearance 'neath the moon;
But I will like the silkworm be,
And wrap my heart in the cocoon,
The rich cocoon of Poetry.

There, nestling, it shall sweetly lie,
Hived in its honeycomb from sight,
Cover'd with its bright canopy,
And bower'd and buried in delight.
There, shelter'd from the world, and, still
Deaf to its calumny and wrong,
Fancy shall every moment fill
With sweets, and it shall live to Song.

Then let the World go as it choose—
  Though friends should sleep while foes awake
To misinterpret, or misuse,
  And Bigotry her banners shake—
No matter—I 'll escape them soon.
  For I will like the silkworm be,
And wrap my heart in the cocoon,
  The rich cocoon of Poetry.

LINES.

I saw thy tomb and did not weep.
It had been sin in me
With murmurs to disturb thy sleep,
Or shed a tear for thee.
Oh, not for thee resumed, not riv'n;
Like a sweet sunbeam fair,
Absorb'd again in its own heav'n,
To shine for ever there.

I would not weep—perchance 'twere right
To triumph that the chain
That curb'd thy spirit in its flight
Is burst so soon in twain.
But though I know the better part
Is thine, and thou art free,
I cannot find in my sad heart,
But not to weep for thee.

LINES.

Thy heart, my Child, is like a lute
  Trusted to its silk cover's keeping,
Untouch'd, untuned, unstrung, and mute,
  With all its gentle music sleeping.
Yet presently, from its light case
  Withdrawn, its shining chords unbound,
And tuned, and touch'd with skill and grace,
  'Twill break into luxuriant sound.

That the musician's hand shall wake
  To harmony, and strike with art.
A lighter hand, I trust, shall shake
  The slumbering music from thy heart.
From its unconsciousness, the Lord
  Unbinding it, with gradual care
Touching and tuning every chord,
  Shall softly stir the sweetness there.

By a light finger wander'd o'er,
  Oh, what delicious notes the string
O' the dumb lute round it learns to pour
  On th' ear ne'er tired with listening:
But by God's finger taught t' impart
  The melody Himself hath giv'n—
Oh, the rich warblings thy young heart,
  My Child, shall sweetly shed to Heav'n.

LINES.

If from a Monarch's hand we take
A gift, though trifling it may be,
'T is, for the royal giver's sake,
Treasured, and guarded watchfully.
Not for its own intrinsic worth,
But for the favour that supplied,
'Tis prized above all else on Earth—
'Tis view'd with joy, 'tis shown with pride.

Oh, could we thus appreciate
Thy precious gifts in their degree,
And learn thy largesses to rate,
Not for themselves, sweet Lord, but Thee—
How would the meanest comfort rise;
The least indulgence seem divine;
The slightest thing become a prize,
Because Thou gav'st, and it is Thine.

If the mere baubles Kings bestow
  Are casketed because thus giv'n,
Their donor named with a proud glow—
  Why rather not the gifts of Heav'n?
Lord, let me so thy bounty take,
  So value all on sea or sod
Thou giv'st, for their great Giver's sake—
  And deem them rich, because from God.

The gold the regal mark that bears,
  Though small its weight, its value less,
When once th' imperial brow it wears,
  Gains tenfold from that high impress.
E'en thus, though common as the air,
  The veriest mite by Mercy giv'n,
Is to the Christian rich and rare,
  Because it shows th' impress of Heav'n.

LINES.

The wild Bee in the summer hour
That wanders in the sun,
And, murmuring, flies from flower to flower,
But fixes upon none—
If chance some flower of rare perfume
She finds, whose sweets excel,
She settles on that breathing bloom,
And sinks in its rich bell.

Long wandering thus, my vagrant heart
Had every pleasure tried,
Tasting such sweets as they impart,
And putting them aside.
Till to a brighter object shown,
God's grace serenely giv'n,
It settled, constant there alone,
Absorb'd, and bathed in Heav'n.

LINES.

The pulse is beating in my heart
  Like a sweet chime of merry bells,
Whose quick notes some glad news impart;
  Whose music some fair wedding tells.
And still th' electric pulse is ringing—
  Was never joyous peal so gay!
And still my happy heart is springing,
  Like a young fawn all life and play.

How should it not, when I am told,
  By Him who cannot use deceit,
Such glorious things, such news of gold,
  So rich, so musical, so sweet?
How should it not, when Christ the Lord
  Proclaims its sins, through Faith, forgiv'n?
And draws it by the silken cord
  Of everlasting love to Heav'n!

LINES.

When summer flowers on hill and dale
  Shut up their dainty bells,
And nightingale to nightingale
  Her warbled story tells:
When stars are shining in the skies,
  And glow-worms on the ground,
And the marauding owlet flies
  His solitary round—

When timid hares come forth to play,
  And dews serenely fall,
And bats pursue their winged prey,
  And silence broods o'er all:
Then let my lips distil with prayer,
  To supplication giv'n—
And the last sound that lingers there,
  Be full of praise to Heav'n.

When chanticleer crows loud and shrill,
And birds and beasts awake,
The lowing cattle on the hill,
The swan upon the lake :
When th' antler'd stag forsakes his lair,
Her hive the busy bee,
The butterfly is in the air,
The squirrel on the tree—

When birds their madrigals retune,
Their matin-songs renew,
And th' early woodman's clouted shoon
Are moist with morning dew :
Then let my lips distil with prayer,
To supplication giv'n—
And the first words that kindle there,
Be full of praise to Heav'n.

SONNETS.

I.

More honour'd in his banishment from Rome
By the degenerate multitude that bore
The Roman name, without the Roman core,
Than his recall to such a sordid home—
'Twas better Cicero should dwell, or roam
Far from the venal city. Who would pour
Th' extracted honey in its cells once more,
When slugs and vermin had possess'd the comb?
How should the rich-voiced orator declaim
Of patriotism where honesty was cold?
And from the Consul, once an honour'd name,
To the Plebeian dregs all hearts were sold?
Why should the nightingale her song intrude,
Where the foul vulture bathes his beak in blood?

II.

Athens, with Cæsar's fortune struggling, sped
As all that had refused the Roman sway;
And falling, at the Conqueror's mercy lay.
"The living Athens hath offended," said
Cæsar, "but is preserved by the dead."
Oh, how the good and great outlive their day
Of life, and to remotest times convey
The honour o'er illustrious actions spread.
Peisistratus, and Pericles, and he
Surnamed the Just, and that surpassing sage,
And those first mighty minds of Poesy—
Wise men, and warriors slumbering many an age,
Yet interposed to soften and to save.
'Twas Virtue's voice, heard awful from the grave.

III.

E'EN as the drop of poison or perfume,
  Attar or acid pour'd into a bowl,
  That curdles and coagulates the whole
With venom, or breathes fragrance through the room.
So there 's a drop of graciousness or gloom,
  That, shed into the heart, delights the soul,
  Or subjugates it to the sad control
Of sorrow: is, at once, its bane or bloom.
There is a drop of Heav'n, and one of Hell;
  Receive whiche'er thou wilt, or grace or guilt,
For thou may'st choose—do homage or rebel.
  But still, be sure, as this or that is spilt
Upon thy deathless spirit, it shall be
Ever all sourness or suavity.

IV.

I HOLD thee in my memory, loveliest one,
And, like a relic in its crystal shrined,
Bear thee about for ever in my mind.
To thee my thoughts, unchanging, backward run,
And those fair days, whereof thou wast the sun:
When thy most gracious lips would smile so kind,
And breathe the rich tones that would sweetly bind
All hearts to thee. But thou wast meant for none.
Yes, I remember thee, dear saint—but, oh,
The difference between memory and sight!
'Tis like the second rainbow, without glow,
Feeble, and faint, and dull beside the bright
And beautiful original that shines.
A faithful copy, but in languid lines.

V.

At morn my shadow follow'd me, and speeding
With meek assiduous duty where I stray'd,
Stray'd too, as one that waited and obey'd.
Whilst of th' obsequious parasite unheeding,
I scarcely marked the slave that I was leading.
But ere the evening came, the upstart shade
Had changed positions—all respect decay'd—
And was no longer following, but preceding.
Alas, methought, 'tis thus our sins at first
Fawn on us, follow us with feign'd respect,
Till by allowance to presumption nursed,
They claim companionship, compel, direct,
And with authority at last precede;
Whilst we, in our turn, follow where they lead.

VI.

Night is retiring towards the West away,
And lingering Twilight at th' accustom'd hour
Comes from her secret and sequester'd bower,
Softly, as one scarce waken'd, to delay
Her kinsmaid, Silence, and entreat her stay.
Still, as she follows where the vapours lower,
She gently half unwreaths the folded flower,
And warns the lark of the approaching day.
Along the wood she moves, nor tarries long:
For o'er the waves a streak of misty white
Appears; and here and there a twitter'd song
Of th' earliest birds is faintly heard, till light
Strengthens, and from the barn the shrill cock crows,
And Twilight passes as the heifer lows.

VII.

Love lived in a neat cottage in a vale,
O'er which he taught the light luxuriant vine
To climb, and train'd the fragrant Eglantine.
There would he sing all day, and when the pale
Moon rose, sat listening to the nightingale,
Happy as Mirth and Joy, who laugh and shine,
Could make him—till, as runs this tale of mine,
Came Poverty, to weep and to bewail.
She stopp'd before the door, then enter'd there;
Linger'd, and fix'd her seat upon the hearth.
Ah! for the mist she breathed on all was fair!
And first Joy shrunk, and then retired with Mirth.
And Love, whom Poverty with clouds o'ercast,
Through his own lattice window 'scaped at last.

VIII.

Dear Lady, when I look back on the hours
That in the sunshine of thy kindness pass'd;
And with the bleak shades that have overcast
Mine after-life, and drench'd my soul in showers,
Compare them—their rude brambles with thy flowers—
How fondly then, my heart, how fond and fast
Turns unto thee, and flies to thine at last;
As birds, in rain, flock to their leafy bowers.
Thou ever wast the friend, the sweet, sincere,
The soft, the soothing, the maternal friend—
What wonder, then, my heart should hold thee dear?
Or, as the oriental trees that bend
Their boughs, and strike root where their leaves recline,
Should gently bow, and root itself in thine?

IX.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, the sisters three,
  Their little shallop circumspectly guide
  Through the rude tumult of the weltering tide.
Faith holds the helm, and steers across the sea;
Hope labours at the oar; and Charity
  Now gathers in the sail, now spreads it wide,
  As o'er the billow's flashing top they ride,
And shun the breakers, and the shoals a-lee.
Swift bounds the bark along the wave afar,
  Leaving its light track on the sparkling foam.
Whilst Faith steers ever by the Eastern Star,
  Hope sings her sweet song of approaching home,
And Charity cheers on with holy glee.
Thus heav'nward speed these gentle sisters three.

X.

Silence in a Cathedral loves to dwell.
And where the storied windows dimly throw
Their shadowy light upon the tombs below,
In the lone aisles she seeks to sit, and spell
Of heavenly themes, and subjects that excel:
By the high altar, or the pillar'd row,
Whose heavy shafts a twilight gloom bestow
Ere evening, meditates her canticle.
Methinks, as leaning on the gothic screen,
Her holy stillness falls upon my heart
Dew-like, and with an awful thrill serene.
Her voiceless whispers and dumb hymns impart
A solemn throb, an heavenward turning there—
And my soul joins in her devoted pray'r.

XI.

Oh! what sweet sunshine upon Childhood lies!
The very sorrows that its errors bear,
Are like the tiny mists the flying Hare
Strikes from the thawing earth, that lightly rise
In a thin haze, and follow as she flies;
Yet gleam in the autumnal sun, and ere
She gains her form have melted into air.
Slight are those sorrows—soon exhaled in sighs.
The little hopes that in that joyous hour
Of life spring up in us, and drop away,
Are but the scattering of the leaves o' the flower
We sought to pluck too carelessly, and they—
As these, when fall'n, their beauty still retain—
Though cross'd, in memory gracefully remain.

XII.

Come, look at the World's glory at its height
  In Alexander crown'd, and deified;
  The Earth too narrow to supply his pride;
Persia the scene of one triumphant fight;
Egypt and Syria crouching, or in flight.
  Then let thine eye pass gently down the tide
  Of Time, nor on his successors abide,
Till Perseus' mourning robes arrest thy sight.
The last of Alexander's line—the last
  Of many a mighty King of Macedon,
Who, in the common gaol where he was cast
  Expiring, leaves a miserable son
To earn his bitter bread, and weep his doom,
As a poor working lawyer's clerk in Rome.

XIII.

By chance a soft-eyed, gentle, meek Gazelle
Amid a company of Asses stray'd.
And though she shrunk and shudder'd as they bray'd,
Yet she bore with them tolerably well.
Not they with her—who soon began to tell
The faults which, if they could not see, they made.
For still where talent hides them if survey'd,
Stupidity strives e'en the unseen to swell.
How short her ears are! Lord, how unlike ours!
Then really 'tis a sight to see her feed:
She won't touch thistles—not she—nought but flowers.
And what a voice! A delicate squeak indeed:
She would not bray, forsooth!—But that surpasses
Her strength. No, no, she could not bray like Asses!

XIV.

I LOOK'D upon a moss-rose in the hour
When roses blow most beautiful and bright,
And loveliest blush to Summer's golden light—
When their green leaves are greenest, and embower
The boughs, and spread to the consummate flower—
And nearest where the bloom and stem unite,
Beheld one brown, sere, wither'd leaf, the blight,
Or canker had consumed, or timeless shower.
This is the world's prosperity, I sigh'd.
And ever thus, where Earth and Life impart
Their choicest gifts, and richest joys abide,
One brown, sere leaf lies nearest to the heart—
Some care, some sorrow, as a foil to show
How near to human bliss is human woe.

XV.

Friend of my youth and manhood, fare thee well!
By many a pleasant recollection bound,
And many a kindly thought my heart around,
Whereon it was delightful once to dwell,
As calling them from Memory's secret cell,
And sweetly dreaming of the past, I found
Each rising recollection pleasure-crown'd;
For thou lived in them vocal, visible.
But oh! how has thy death changed all, and made
The pleasantest the bitterest now: for thou
Art in them still, but silent, suffering, dead.
And all those happy recollections now,
That bound thee to my heart, and still that bind,
Have dropp'd their roses, and are thorn-entwined.

XVI.

Oh! how serene she sleeps, how calm and still!
Closing her innocent heart up, as a flower
Closes its bright leaves in the evening hour—
Shutting its sweetness in itself, until
The Sun, returning o'er the eastern hill,
Bids it untwine, and scent amid its bower.
Beautiful Maid, thou too hast lock'd thy dower
Of richness up, as the night dews distil.
How silently, how peacefully, how deep
Thou slumberest! with the morning to resume
Thy life, and break the stillness of thy sleep.
Whilst thy young heart, expanding into bloom,
Shall drop its sweetness, and those opening eyes
Laugh in their loveliness like glad sunrise.

XVII.

He did die young. But yet he pass'd his hours
In th' honied sweets of Poetry, and pour'd
His soul amid the fancies he adored;
Crowning his heart with more luxuriant flowers
Than bud and bloom in oriental bowers.
Now with the skylark toward the sun he soar'd;
Now with the bee lavish'd his precious hoard;
Making a Paradise this world of ours.
And so he slept. Is 't not a greater blessing
To pass in summer, like the pluck'd moss-rose,
All its ripe fragrance and bright leaves possessing,
Than linger on, and wither in the snows?
He dies mature, who lives sufficient long
To sing, and leave his heart behind in song.

XVIII.

To see our friends drop round us, and bewail
  Th' irreparable loss; and sigh, and shed
  A vain and bitter tear upon the dead,
Is the sad toll and tribute they entail
Upon themselves, who would pursue the trail
  Of Time, and live when Life's best joys are fled.
  O'er many a well-known grave the aged tread,
Ere to their own they come; and weep and quail,
And die, alas! how oft, in those they prize,
  Ere they themselves in solitude consume.
For still a part of the cleft spirit dies,
  As those we love are gather'd to the tomb.
Those friends of youth that cling around the heart,
And bear its breath away as they depart.

SACRED PIECES.

TO FAITH.

Oh! Faith, thou comforter, God-giv'n,
To cheer the suffering as they roam,
For ever pointing towards Heav'n,
And looking to thy promised home—
Thou, where the clouds are thickest spreading,
Canst see the sunbeams they disguise;
And though thy feet on earth be treading,
Thy heart is still in Paradise.

Thou, from thy glowing face reflecting
The glorious country of thy birth,
Art ever busily connecting
Both states, and linking Heav'n to Earth.
Still to the sunny Future living,
Anticipating distant bliss,
Breathing of new delights, and giving
The joys of coming worlds to this.

Oh! Faith, the penitent and sorrowing
Thy sweet and stedfast friendship know;
From thy confiding gladness borrowing
Courage in pain, and hope in woe.
Angelic harbinger of Heav'n,
There still my wandering thoughts recall;
Till what thou promisest be giv'n,
And God the Lord be all in all.

TO HOPE.

Oh! Hope, thou brightest child of Heav'n,
That bearest sunshine in thy smile,
That o'er the wretch most sorrow-riv'n
Sheds brilliance, though he weep meanwhile—
Thou, when th' unfeeling world 's distressing,
From anguish gatherest comfort still;
And in the dreams of future blessing
Forgett'st the sting of present ill.

Thou, like the needle ever turning
To the far-distant unseen Pole,
Art coming happiness discerning,
Where other worlds remotely roll.
Though Earth be round thee, Heaven 's before thee,
Whilst, lightly treading on the sod,
Thou 'rt gazing on the blue skies o'er thee,
Straining to catch a glimpse of God.

Angel of this uncouth world, giv'n
  Upon its bleakness to bestow
Something of Paradise, of Heav'n—
  Brightest and best of things below—
Be with me still, and let me borrow
  Thy buoyancy, thy lightness share—
Anticipating bliss in sorrow—
  And on my death-bed, be thou there.

TO CHARITY.

Sweet Charity, celestial guest,
Fairest of all the Sisters three,
That visit Earth to sing of rest,
And herald Immortality—
Thy smile encourages and cheers,
And, as the sun i' the dewdrop lies,
There is a brightness in thy tears
Reflected down from Paradise.

Thou with the weeping weepest, sharing
Their woes, and comforting the breast
That faints beneath the pangs 't is bearing;
As thou smil'st cheerful with the bless'd.
Pitying great faults, extenuating
The failings thy forbearance hides:
Enduring still, and sweetly waiting
Till Wrath relents, and Hate confides.

E'en on the thankless thou bestowest
Thy love; and when the rude revile,
Or persecute, thou only showest
Thy patience with a gentle smile.
Liberal and lowly, meek and kind,
Thou never breath'st the bitter jest.
And when the World would blame and grind,
Thou 'rt anxious to believe the best.

Hope, like the oriental bird
That floats, 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, on high,
And Faith, that looks for bliss deferr'd,
Confidingly in God, shall die.
But thou, immortal and sublime,
Shalt ever live—to whom is giv'n
A life unlimited by Time,
And boundless as eternal Heav'n.

Sweet Charity, how often here
Thy violated feelings smart,
Beholding evil with a tear,
And crime with a beseeching heart.
Thou takest mockery with a smile;
Returnest injury with a prayer;
Forgiving when thy foes revile;
And when they suffer, thou art there.

Benignant Maid, th' unfeeling Earth
  Oft makes thy gentle spirit sore;
But the bright regions of thy birth
  Hereafter shall requite, restore.
There pure celestial love shall be,
  Be all in all, for God is love.
And everlasting Charity
  Triumph, enthron'd in Heav'n above.

LINES.

My God, if thy corrections be
  In mercy only giv'n;
If tribulation be the key
  T' unlock the gates of Heav'n:
If the sad tear, the suffering sigh
  Of penitential sorrow,
Must bathe the heart, and wash the eye
  Clean for the glorious morrow—

Oh! then, howe'er the flesh rebel,
  Howe'er the Man repine,
His murmurs by thy judgments quell,
  And make him wholly thine.
Indulgent as Thou art to spare,
  Withhold not Thou the rod;
Though sharp, its fragrance will declare
  'T is in the hand of God.

LINES.

The Bow, God's promis'd sign, glows o'er the main,
Arching the waves that in its brilliance play.
'Tis but the Sun reflected on the rain,
Whose falling drops are for a moment gay.
'Tis thus, methinks, with all that 's fair and bright
In this vain world—with every pleasure here.
'Tis but a smile that throws its dewy light
Upon the kindling sadness of a tear.

Yet in that banner of th' Almighty One,
Unfolded in the firmament on high,
There 's full assurance that the glorious Sun
Shall ever shine triumphant in the sky.
Yet in our mingled and imperfect bliss,
There is a sweet, though silent prospect giv'n,
That if on Earth the smile and tear may kiss,
There shall be nought but a glad smile in Heav'n.

LINES.

Oh! Lord, what is there I can bring,
The free-will offering of my love,
Of all the Summer, or the Spring
Displays in Earth, or Heav'n above?
If I should strip the breathing bowers;
And where thy grassy altar meets
The sunshine, bury it with flowers,
And hide it with collected sweets—

If from the forests and the folds
I should select their choicest store;
Dive for the pearl that Ocean holds,
The gems it scatters on the shore:
If the bright ruby I should bring,
Or dig the diamond from the mine;
With every richest, rarest thing,
I should but give Thee what is thine.

If like the eagle I could rise
  Towering, and floating in the air,
Mark every star that lights the skies,
  And choose the best and brightest there—
Nay, could I borrow from the sun,
  Where brilliantly he shines alone,
His fairest beams ere day be done,
  I should but offer Thee thine own.

There's nothing, then, that I can give.
  'Tis Thou, sweet Lord, that must bestow
The love that burns, the thoughts that live,
  Thy righteous Spirit with its glow.
Where all is thine, I can impart
  Alone what Thou 'st already giv'n.
But, oh, take Thou this feeble heart,
  And in it pour Thyself—thy Heav'n.

LINES.

Oh! Lord, how sweet it is to steal
My thoughts from this vain world away,
And meet with thee in prayer, and feel
That Thou art with me whilst I pray.
How sweet it is to burst apart
From all that is not Heav'n, and be
In mind and spirit, soul and heart,
Alone, and undisturb'd with Thee.

But, ah! how seldom can I gain
That blessed liberty at last;
Or altogether 'scape the chain
That binds me to the world too fast.
If some few links at times be loose,
And I delight in being free,
How soon the weightier bonds reduce
My strength, and bear me down from Thee.

If for some minutes—for some few
Brief minutes—and, alas! how rare—
Absorb'd in soul and spirit too,
I lose myself in fervent prayer,
How soon the wandering of the heart,
Most fickle still where it should be
Most firm and fix'd, returns t' impart
Its mists, and snatch my thoughts from Thee.

How soon, though bathed in Heav'n awhile,
How unresistingly my mind
Returns to all that 's vain and vile,
And seeks the Earth it left behind.
Sweet as it is to be in prayer,
And at Thy glorious throne adore,
Scarce does th' intrusive world pass there,
But it commands my thoughts once more.

Dear Lord condemn me not, but spare
Th' unwilling sin I fain would shun;
The wanderings of my thoughts in prayer,
The mingling Heav'n and Earth in one.
Oh! spare, and give me grace and strength,
That, as the ivy clasps the tree,
In its devotions so, at length,
My heart may twine itself round Thee.

LINES.

Oh! Lord, be Thou my Comforter.
Sweet Lord, my Comforter Thou art.
And when the throbs of anguish stir,
Thou still'st the tumult in my heart.
Thy love lies on me, like the day
On the tired dove's returning wing,
Whose smooth plumes, burnish'd in the ray,
Rest glittering in the sun of spring.

Thy mercies, oft unvalued, yet
Breathe round me like the ocean air,
That, ere the sultry day be set,
Comes landward, cooling all things there.
Fanning my soul, they softly come
Across me with refreshing sighs;
Composing as the soothing hum
Of bees, where bubbling waters rise.

As Cherith's brook ran sparkling, though
  Through all her rivers Israel,
Scorch'd by the heat, had ceased to flow,
  And warbling rose, and tinkling fell:
E'en so, though all that Earth supplies
  Of sweet be snatch'd from the distress'd,
Thy comforts still for ever rise
  Revivingly, and full of rest.

No heart so parch'd they will not heal;
  No anguish they cannot allay,
Lulling the sharpest pangs we feel,
  And sweetly soothing them away.
Still o'er the troubled breast they roll,
  Like the rich sounds of David's lute,
That dropp'd on Saul's afflicted soul,
  Till all its agonies were mute.

No lips so loved, no voice so sweet,
  Are like those heavenly whispers fair,
That round the wearied spirit meet,
  And gently tell it Thou art there.
Lord God, be Thou, then, evermore
  My consolation; still with me
Be present; breathe my Spirit o'er,
  For there 's no Comforter like Thee.

LINES.

Lord, look upon me. In Thy sight
This feeble heart of mine shall shine.
One look will make it burning bright;
One glance, if that fair glance be Thine.
Its darkness Thou canst overpower,
And gild and glorify its gloom—
As day-spring beaming on a flower,
Expands and tints its opening bloom.

Silent am I, and slow to tell
Thy wonders, or Thy truth proclaim;
All Thou hast done, and dost so well;
Or herald Thy most glorious name.
But look upon me, and the glow
Of heavenly courage shall be mine:
My lips with praise shall overflow;
My tongue shall drop with words divine.

Alas! forgive me, that so long
I linger, and sit sadly mute,
When Thy name should inspire my song,
And Thou shouldst live along my lute.
Yet look on me, and every string,
Flashing with fervour, shall record
What my rapt spirit shall loudly sing—
Thy mercies, all-redeeming Lord!

LINES.

Lord, if Thou wert on earth again,
As Mary her rich ointments shed,
I also would my perfumes drain
In fragrance on Thy sacred head.
I also would, with tearful eyes,
Thy gentle looks of mercy meet,
Breathe at Thy knee repentant sighs,
And with my tear-drops bathe Thy feet.

But since Thou art no more below,
And I would still my cares control,
Accept, Lord, what I *can* bestow,
The offering of a contrite soul.
The droppings of the bruised reeds
Fall sweetest from the wounded part;
And godly sorrow, when it bleeds,
Bleeds purest from a broken heart.

Take my repentance, then, oh, take,
And be propitious to my prayer.
Thy spirit in my bosom wake,
And shed Thy choicest influence there.
Lord, Saviour, heal me with Thy touch,
Pour round me hope—breathe o'er me heav'n:
Give me the power to love Thee much,
For I have much to be forgiv'n.

G. Woodfall and Son, Printers, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

ERRATA.

Page 35, stanza 99, line 7, *for* friends *read* friend.

55, stanza 161, line 3, *for* wild *read* wide.

128, first line of second stanza, *insert* a comma *after* So.

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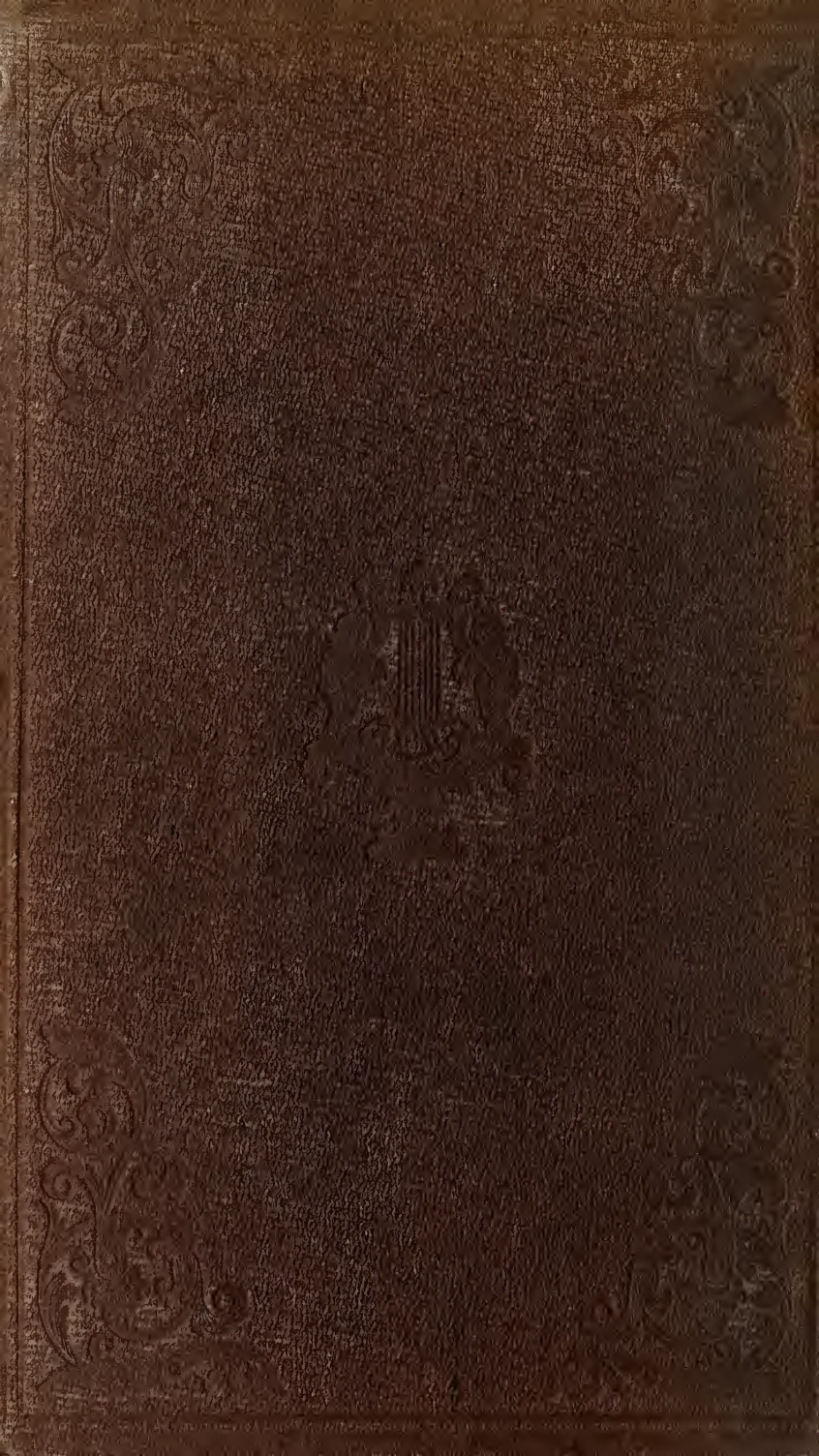
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